

BATMAN
No. 44

DEC...JAN.
TEN CENTS



BATMAN

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

Will The
Joker
HAVE THE
LAST LAUGH

?



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BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

WHEN THE EVIL FASCINATION OF GAMBLING SEIZES THAT MAD BUFFOON, THE JOKER, NO ORDINARY STAKES CAN SATISFY HIM! NOTHING BUT A BIZARRE GAME FOR LIFE OR DEATH CAN CONTENT THE CLOWN PRINCE OF CRIME, WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN AS HIS OPPONENTS IN A FANTASTIC—

"GAMBLE WITH DOOM!"



**BOB
KANE**

BATMAN, No. 44, Dec.-Jan., 1947-48. Published bi-monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter Aug. 1, 1941 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205

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Printed in U.S.A.

A HIDDEN, ILLEGAL GAMBLING HOUSE...



LADY FORTUNE SMILES ON THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE! AT THE ROULETTE WHEEL...

THIRTEEN WINS AGAIN! HA, HA! WHO SAID THIRTEEN WAS UNLUCKY! IT'S SURE LUCKY FOR YOU, JOKER!



... HAS A STARTLING NEW CLIENT!

IT'S THE JOKER!

THIS IS JUST A SOCIAL VISIT, FOLKS! I WANT TO GAMBLE SOME OF MY LOOT—I MEAN, MY EARNINGS!



AT THE DICE TABLE...

ANOTHER SEVEN! YOU WIN AGAIN!

HA, HA, HA! THIS IS EASIER THAN STEALING! HA, HA!



YOU'VE BROKEN THE BANK! YOU'VE WON EVERY CHIP IN THE HOUSE! TOO BAD! IT ENDS MY WINNING STREAK!



LATER, AT THE JOKER'S UNIQUE HIDEOUT...

LEWIS, I'M SO THRILLED WITH GAMBLING THAT I'M GOING TO PLAY A SUPER-GAME. BATMAN WILL BE MY OPPONENT AND REAL LIVES WILL BE THE STAKES!

THAT WOULD BE SUPER-GAMBLING, BOSS!



EVENINGS AFTERWARD, AN EERIE SIGN STABS GOTHAM CITY'S NIGHT SKY!

PRESENTLY, IN COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE...

BRUCE— THE BAT SIGNAL!

TIME FOR US TO FORGET WE'RE DICK GRAYSON AND BRUCE WAYNE AND BECOME— **BATMAN AND ROBIN!**

THIS MAN LEWIS CLAIMS TO HAVE VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR YOU!

BATMAN, I CAN LEAD YOU TO THE TWO CROOKS WHO STOLE THAT HOSPITAL RADIUM SHIPMENT!

I'LL TAKE YOU TO THEM— IF YOU PROMISE ME THE REWARD!

LET'S GO! THAT RADIUM IS BADLY NEEDED!

LATER, A POWERFUL SPEEDBOAT HEADS OUT TOWARD A SMALL ISLAND...

BATMAN, THE RADIUM THIEVES ARE HIDING IN THAT HOUSE!

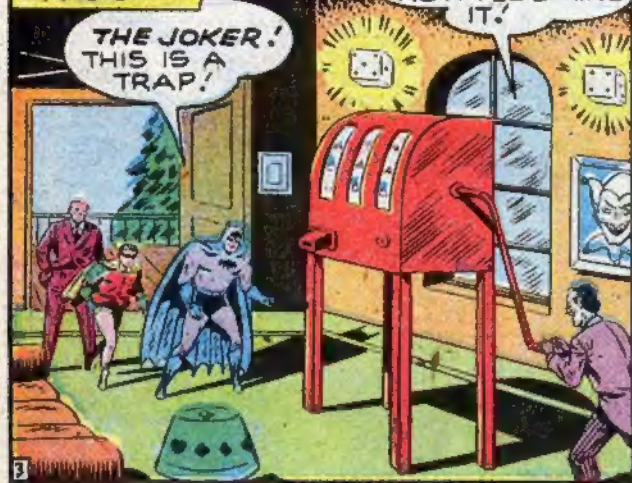
BUT INSIDE THE ISLAND-MANSION...

THE JOKER! THIS IS A TRAP!

HA, HA, HA! AND NOW I'LL SPRING IT!

A NEW TWIST— JACKPOT HITS MAN!

BONG



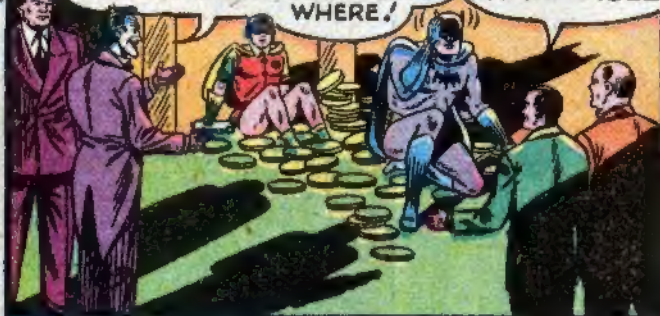
AFTER THE DYNAMIC DUO RECOVERS FROM THE STUNNING TRICK...

HERE ARE THE RADIUM THIEVES—DREW AND LANE! I CAPTURED THEM—BUT THEY HAD BURIED THEIR RADIUM LOOT ELSEWHERE!

GEE, BATMAN, IF WE'D KNOWN THAT WAS HOSPITAL RADIUM WE WOULDN'T HAVE STOLEN IT.

BATMAN, I'LL GAMBLE WITH YOU FOR THESE TWO AND THEIR RADIUM SECRET.

IT'S NO DEAL, JOKER. I NEVER GAMBLE!



WIN THREE TIMES AND YOU WIN THEIR LIVES AND THE RADIUM SECRET! IF YOU LOSE, THEY DIE!

BUT I TOLD YOU, I HATE ALL GAMBLING!

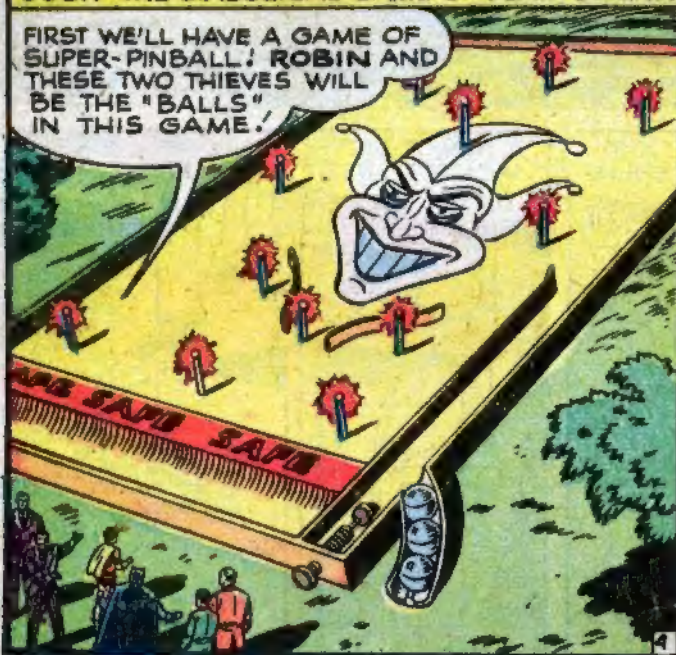
REFUSE AND I'LL FINISH THEM AND ROBIN NOW—AND YOU LOSE THE HOSPITAL'S RADIUM!

THE FIEND! I'LL HAVE TO BET MY SKILL AGAINST HIM, TO SAVE THREE LIVES AND THE RADIUM!



SOON—THE DIABOLICAL GAME OF DEATH BEGINS!

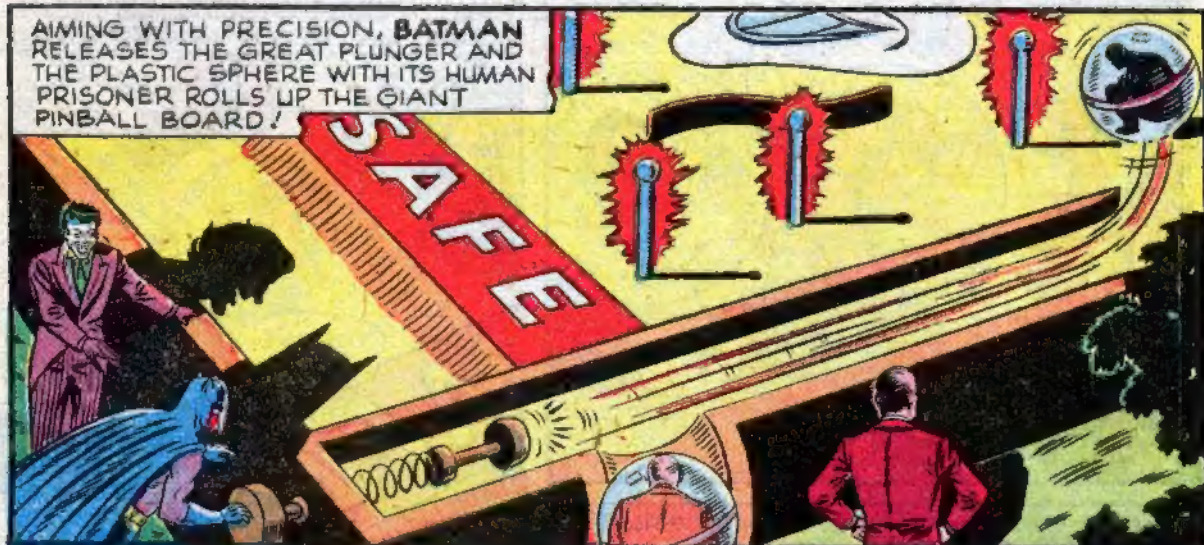
FIRST WE'LL HAVE A GAME OF SUPER-PINBALL! ROBIN AND THESE TWO THIEVES WILL BE THE "BALLS" IN THIS GAME.



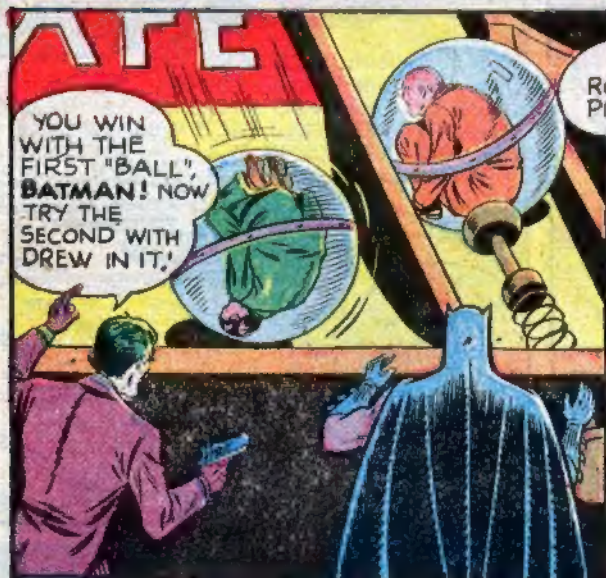
THE "PINS" ARE LIVE WIRES! AND EACH PLASTIC BALL IS WIRED—IF IT TOUCHES A "PIN," THE MAN INSIDE WILL BE ELECTROCUTED! START PLAYING, BATMAN!



AIMING WITH PRECISION, BATMAN RELEASES THE GREAT PLUNGER AND THE PLASTIC SPHERE WITH ITS HUMAN PRISONER ROLLS UP THE GIANT PINBALL BOARD!



YOU WIN WITH THE FIRST "BALL", BATMAN! NOW TRY THE SECOND WITH DREW IN IT!



HA, HA! LANE WILL ROLL BACK INTO A PIN! HE'S DOOMED!

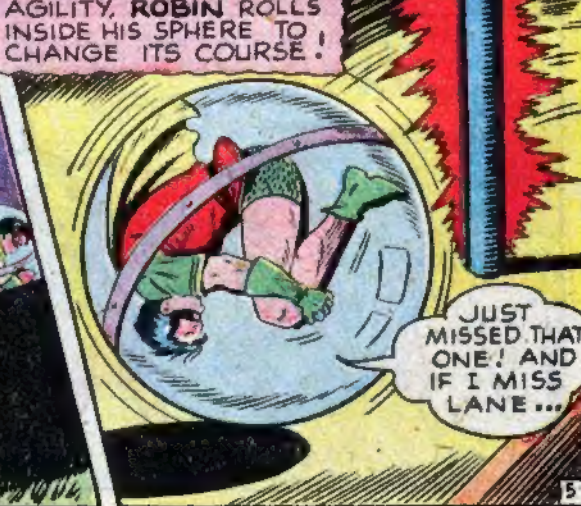


BATMAN, SHOOT ME OUT ON THE BOARD, QUICK! I CAN KNOCK LANE TO SAFETY!

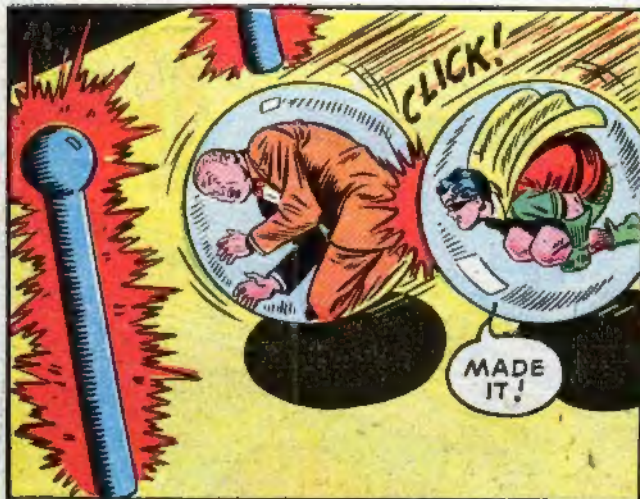
IF ROBIN'S ACROBATIC SKILL FAILS HIM...



USING HIS ACROBATIC AGILITY, ROBIN ROLLS INSIDE HIS SPHERE TO CHANGE ITS COURSE!



JUST MISSED THAT ONE! AND IF I MISS LANE...

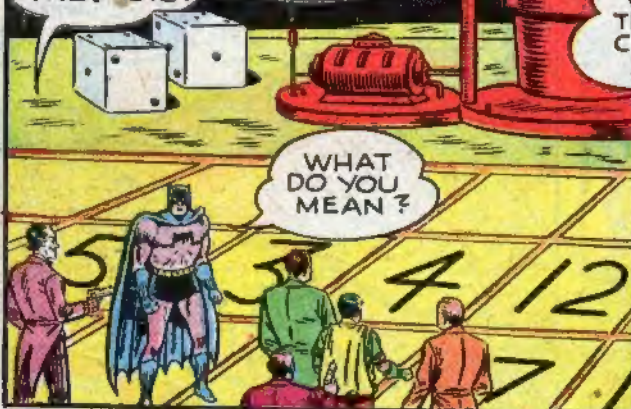


FINALLY—"SAFE"—AFTER MISSING THE DEADLY "PIN" BY A HAIR'S-BREADTH...



ON THE GREEN LAWN OUTSIDE THE GRIM JESTER'S GAMBLING PALACE...

ROUND TWO, BATMAN! NOW WE'LL SHOOT DICE FOR THE MEN'S LIVES! AND IF YOU BET WRONG, THEY DIE!



PICK THREE NUMBERS! ROBIN AND THE TWO CROOKS WILL BE CHAINED TO PEGS IN THEM, AND THE HUGE DICE WILL CRUSH ONE OR ALL IF YOU BET WRONG!

A FIEND'S DICE GAME!



EVERY SENSE ALERT, THE CAPED MANHUNTER CALCULATES HOW THE DICE WILL FALL...

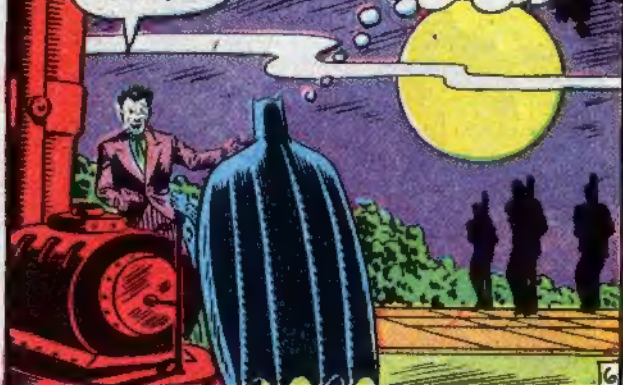
HE'S GETTING MUD ON THE RIGHT HAND EDGE OF THE DICE! IT SHOULD MAKE THEM SWERVE TO THE LEFT!

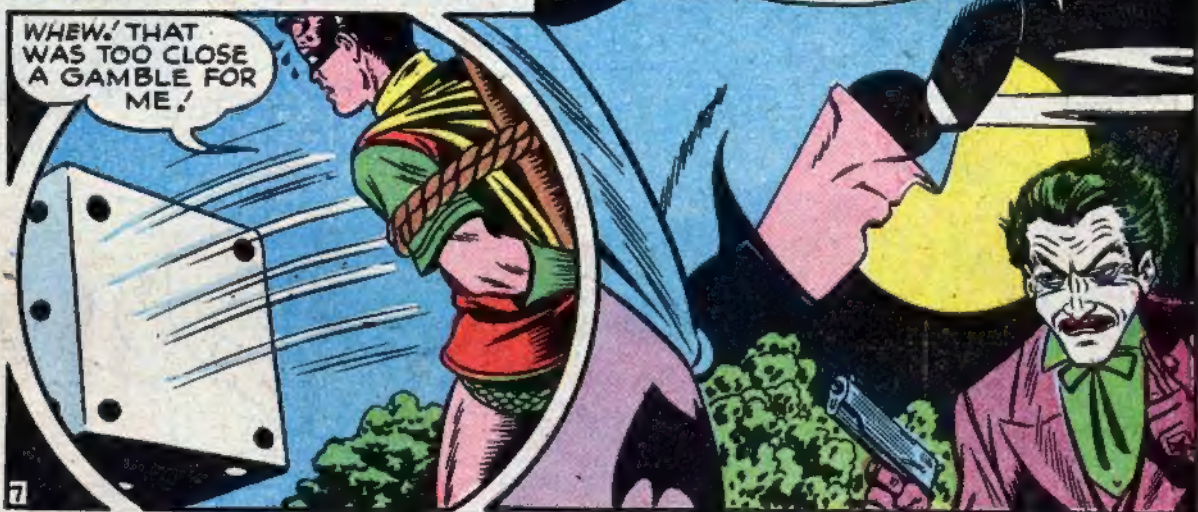
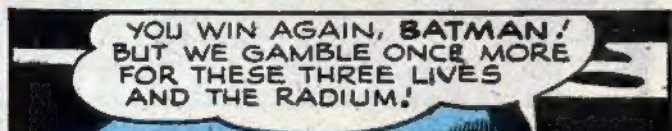
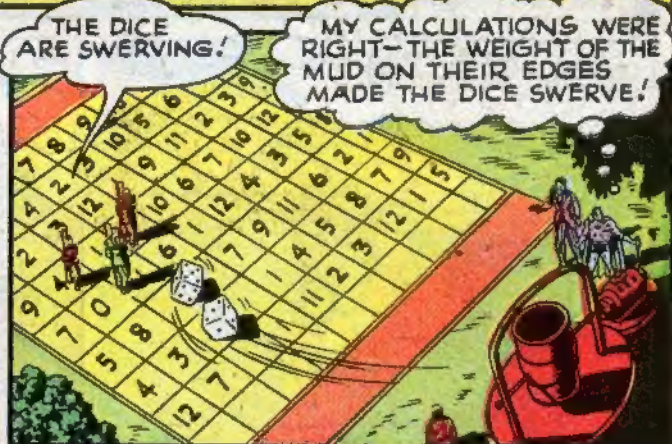
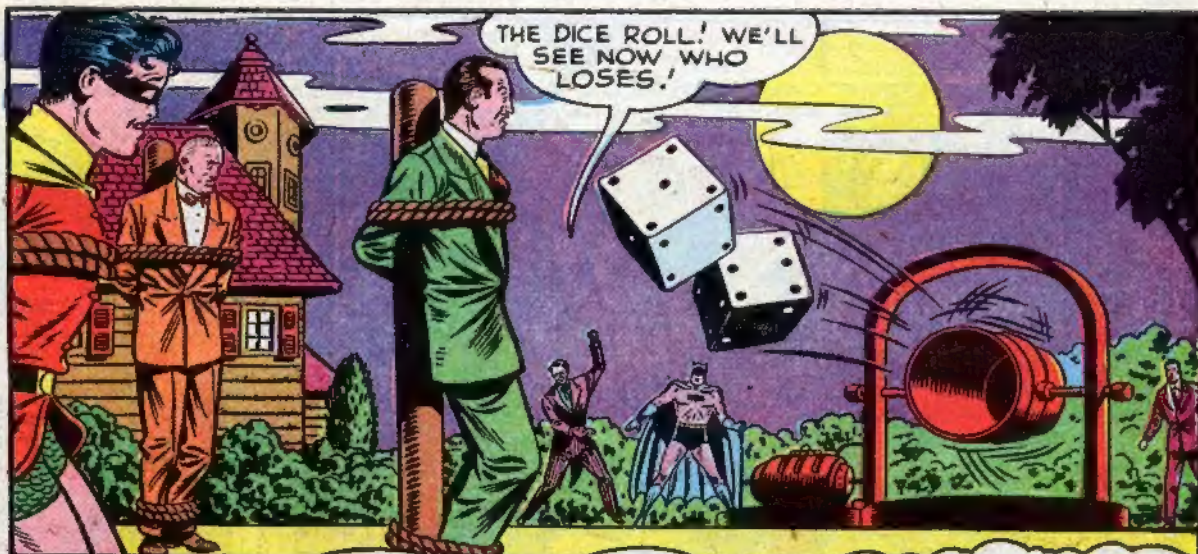
I CHOOSE 4, 6, AND 11!

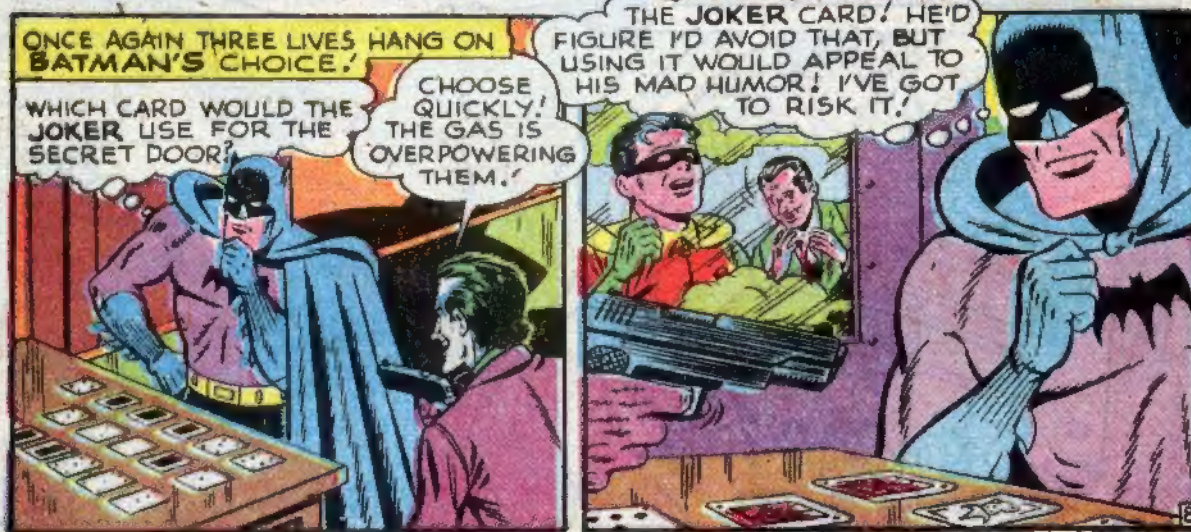
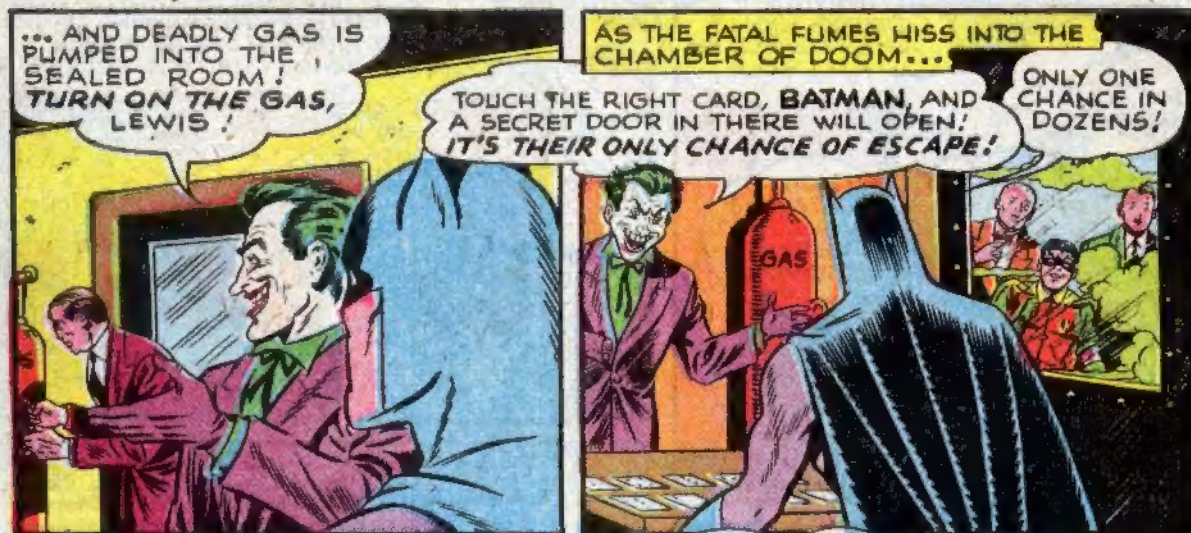
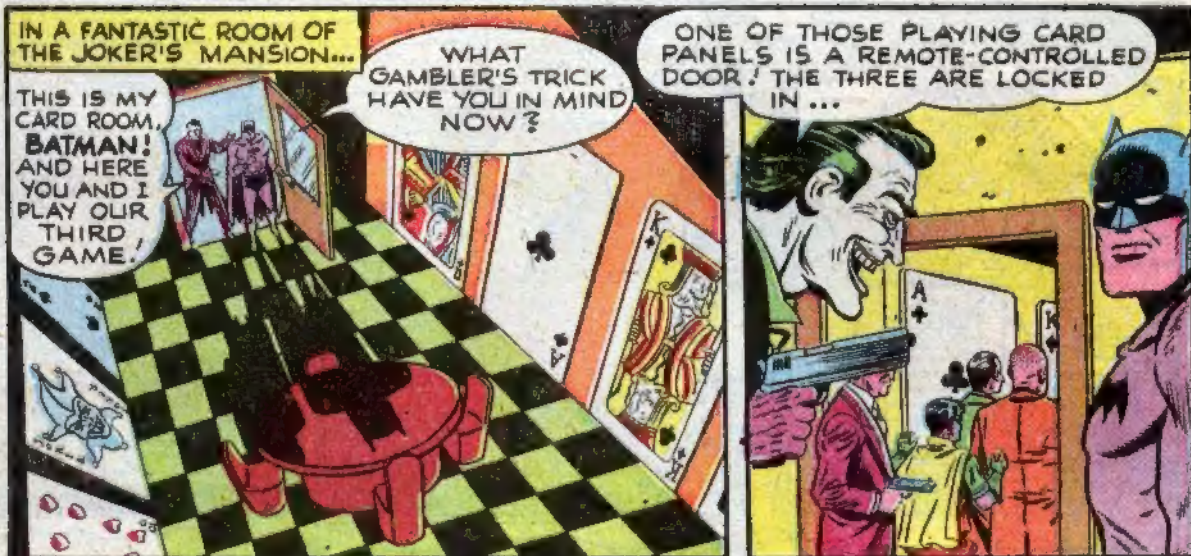


NOW THAT THE DICE ARE IN THE CUP, TOUCH THAT SWITCH AND THE MOTORS WILL SHAKE THEM OUT!

IF MY FIGURING WAS WRONG, SOMEONE WILL DIE!

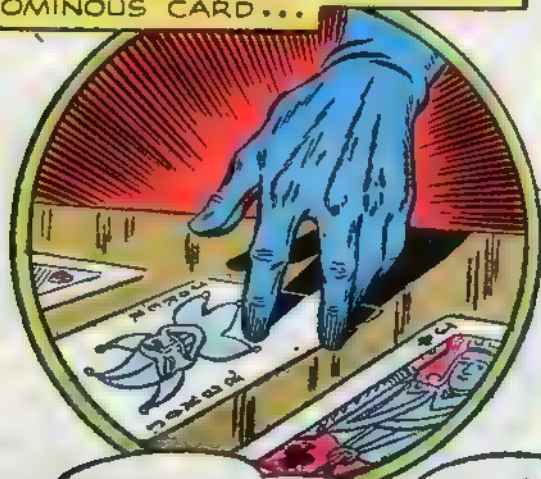






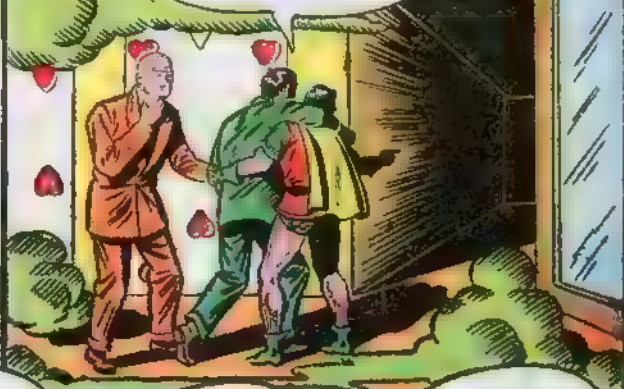


A QUIVERING HAND TOUCHES AN OMINOUS CARD...



...AND THE HIDDEN DOOR OF ESCAPE SWINGS OPEN!

BATMAN GUESSED RIGHT! QUICK, BEFORE THE GAS OVERCOMES US!

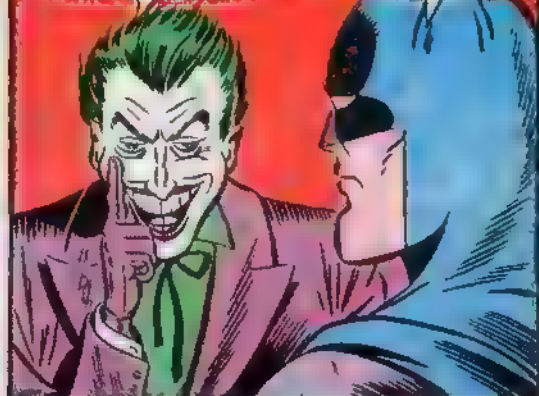
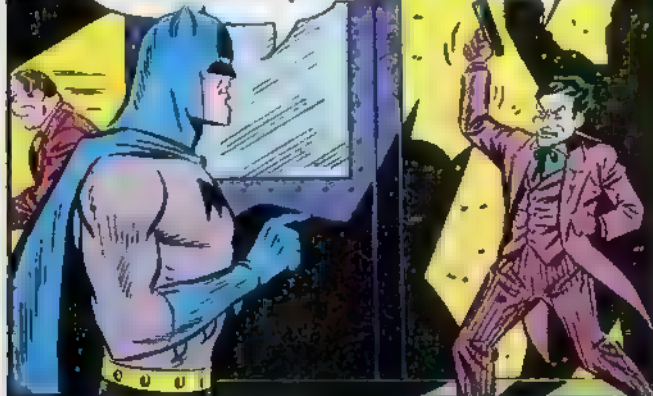


JOKER, I'VE WON THE THREE GAMBLERS FOR THE THIEVES' LIVES AND THE RADIUM! ARE YOU GOING TO STICK TO YOUR BARGAIN?

NOT YET! YOU AND I HAVE ONE FINAL GAMBLE TO MAKE!

YOU'RE GOING TO GAMBLE FOR YOUR OWN LIFE NOW—AGAINST MINE!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D RING IN AN EXTRA TRICK!



MEANWHILE...

NOT SO FAST! YOU THREE ARE GOING BACK IN THERE!

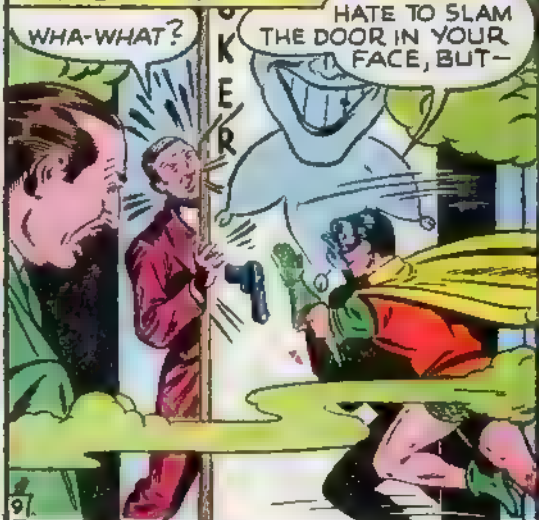
SO THE JOKER IS WELSHING ON HIS GAMBLE! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT.



FORCED BACK THROUGH THE DOOR, ROBIN SUDDENLY SLAMS IT...

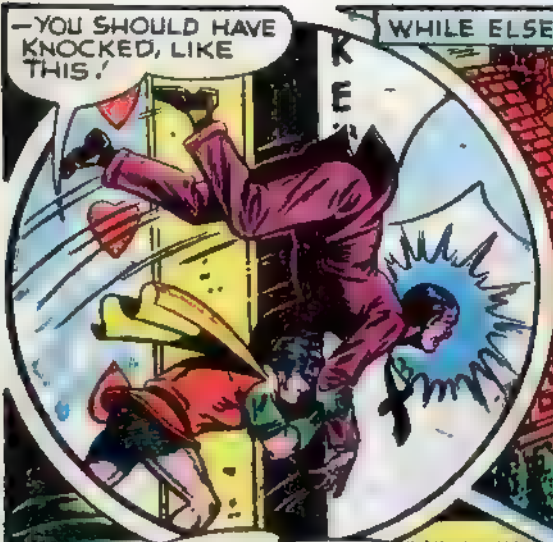
WHA-WHAT?

HATE TO SLAM THE DOOR IN YOUR FACE, BUT—

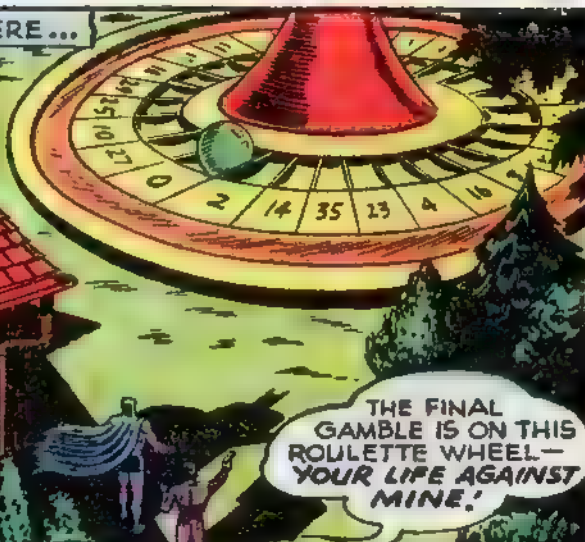




—YOU SHOULD HAVE
KNOCKED, LIKE
THIS!

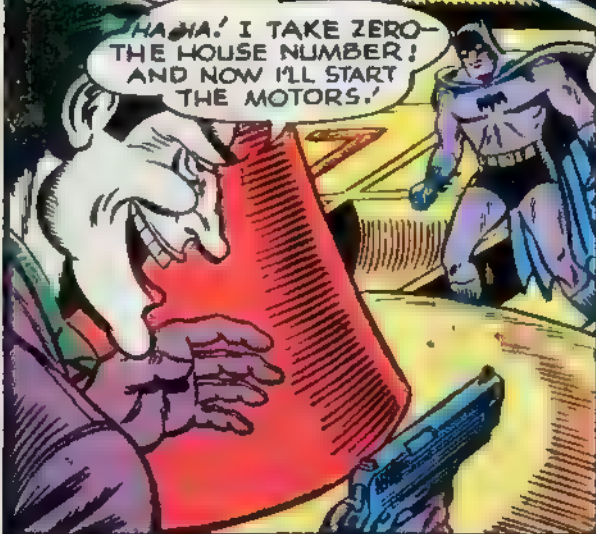


WHILE ELSEWHERE...



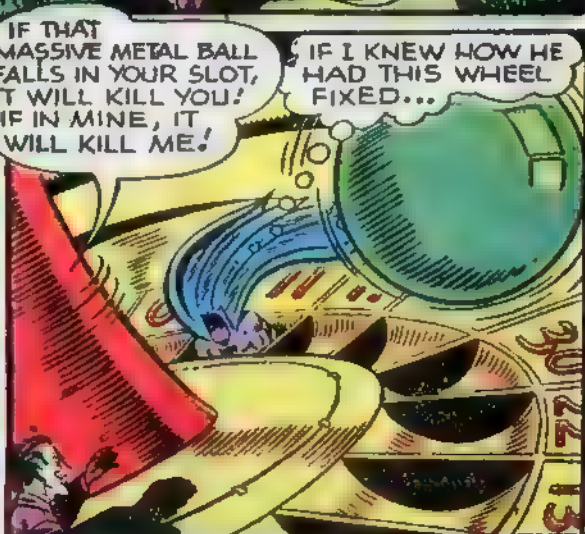
THE FINAL
GAMBLE IS ON THIS
ROULETTE WHEEL—
YOUR LIFE AGAINST
MINE!

HA HA! I TAKE ZERO—
THE HOUSE NUMBER!
AND NOW I'LL START
THE MOTORS!



IF THAT
MASSIVE METAL BALL
FALLS IN YOUR SLOT,
IT WILL KILL YOU!
IF IN MINE, IT
WILL KILL ME!

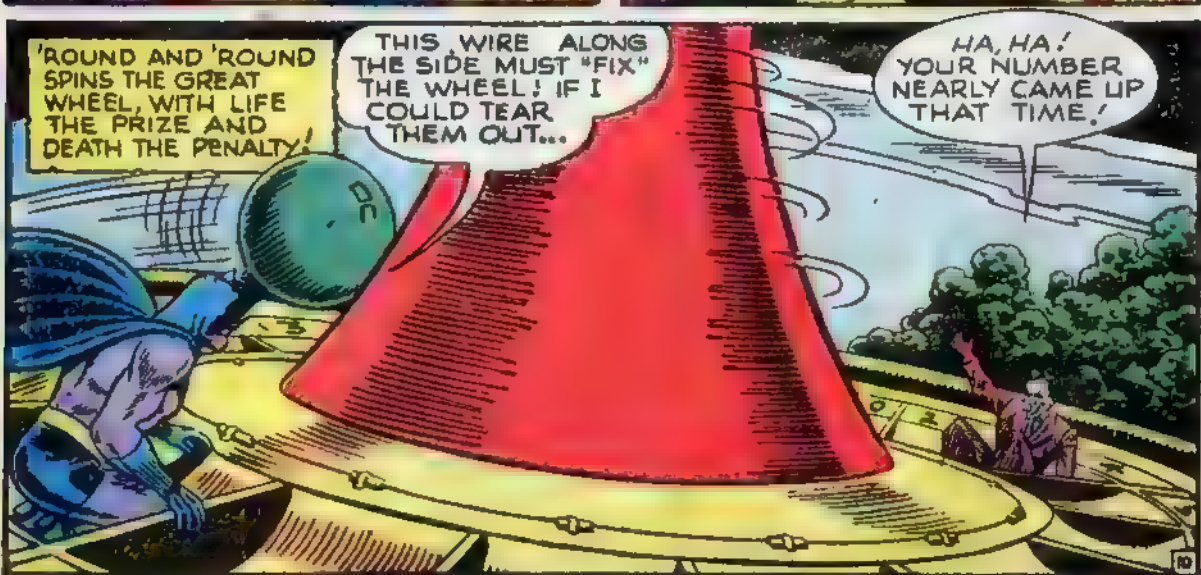
IF I KNEW HOW HE
HAD THIS WHEEL
FIXED...

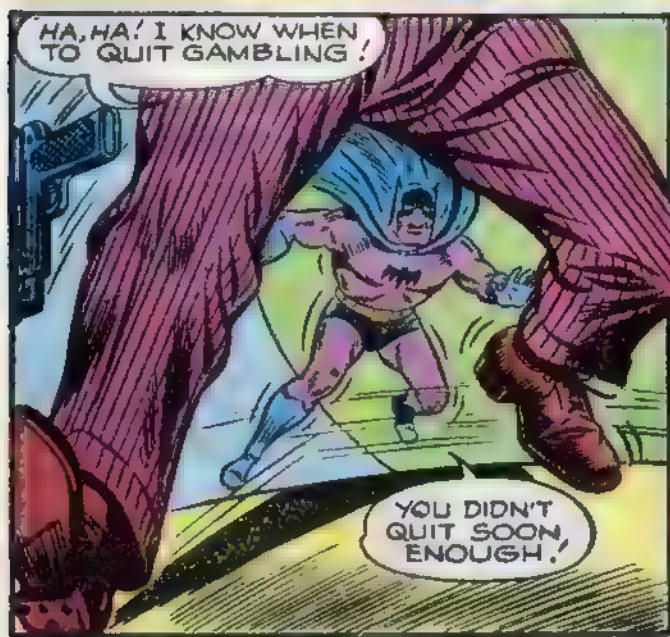
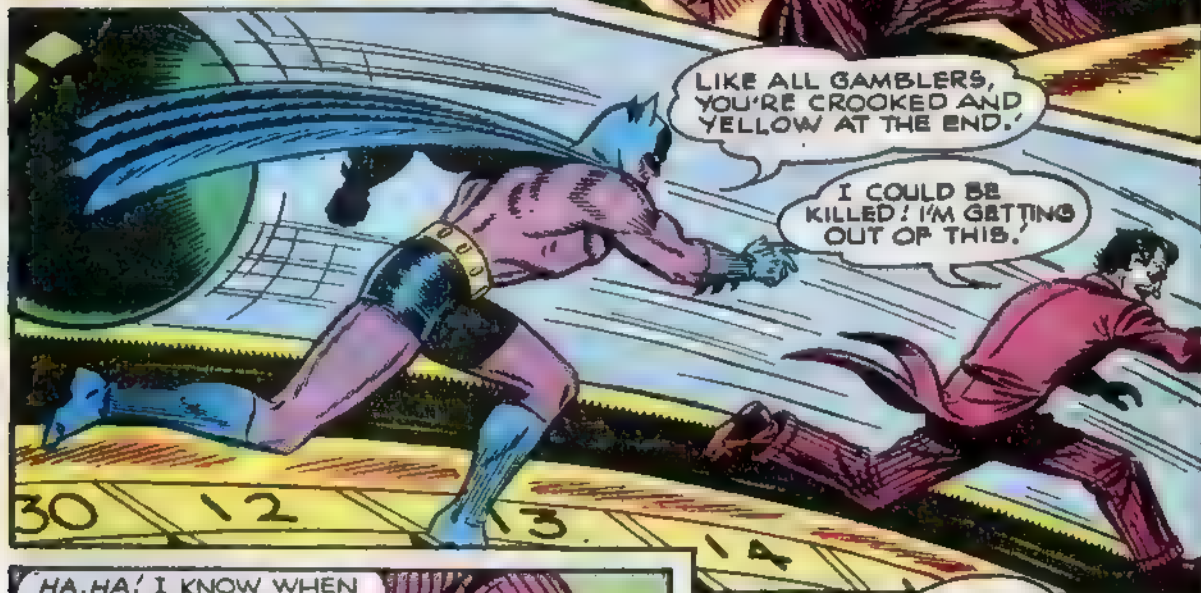
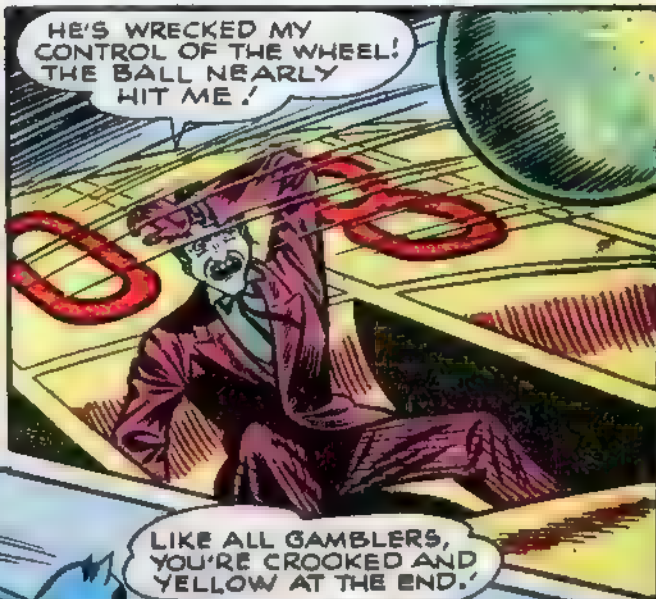
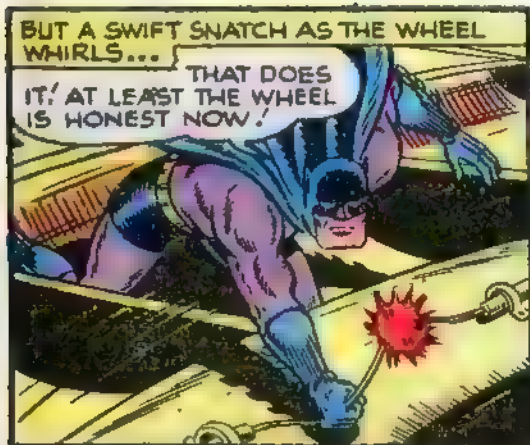


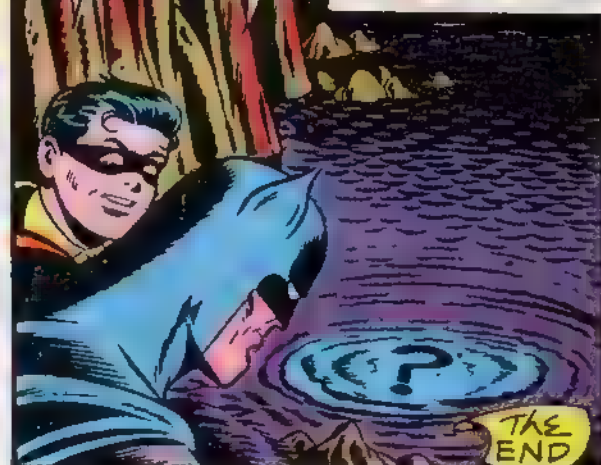
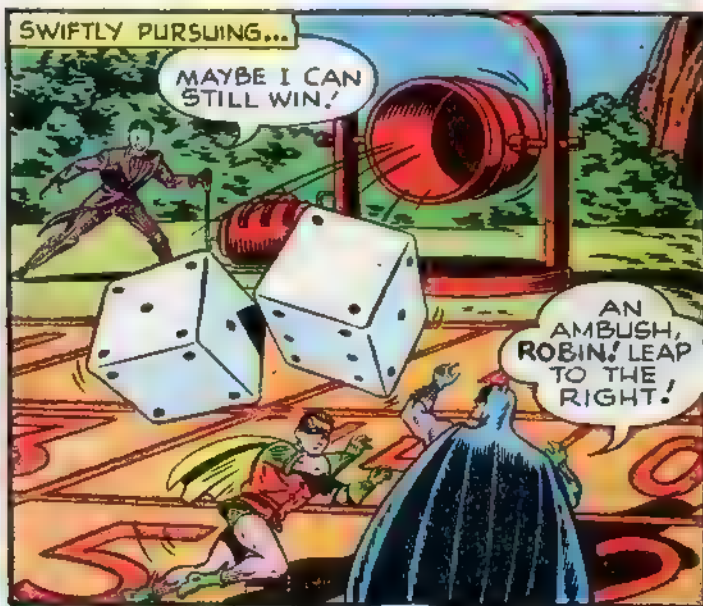
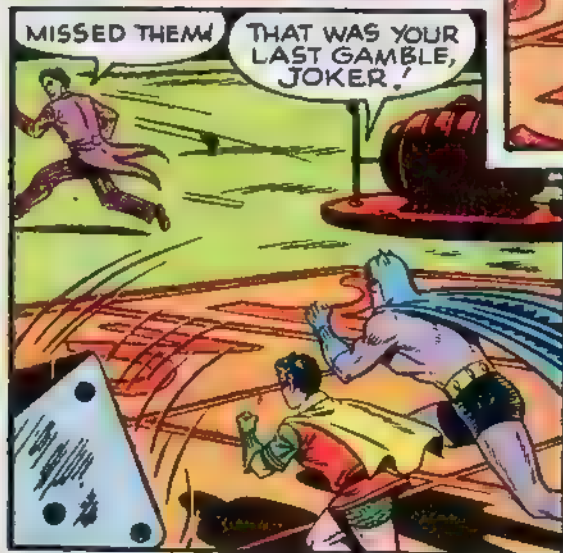
'ROUND AND 'ROUND
SPINS THE GREAT
WHEEL, WITH LIFE
THE PRIZE AND
DEATH THE PENALTY!

THIS WIRE ALONG
THE SIDE MUST "FIX"
THE WHEEL! IF I
COULD TEAR
THEM OUT...

HA, HA!
YOUR NUMBER
NEARLY CAME UP
THAT TIME!







THIS WAY
FELLOWS

IN 1946 -- ONLY HIS
SECOND YEAR AS U.C.L.A.
COACH -- LA BRUCHERIE
LED THE CALIFORNIANS
TO AN UNDEFEATED CHAMPIONSHIP OF
THE PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

THEY
MUST'VE HAD
THEIR
WHEATIES

SPORTS WRITERS RANKED
LA BRUCHERIE'S 1946 ELEVEN THE
NATION'S NUMBER 4 COLLEGE
TEAM. BERT'S BRUINS ROLLED
ACROSS 313 POINTS AGAINST 72
FOR THEIR CONFERENCE FOES

"MY BOYS OFTEN HEAR ME
RECOMMEND A BIG BOWL
OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES,
'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' AS
A TOP-FLIGHT TRAINING DISH," SAYS BERT.
LA BRUCHERIE. "IT'S MY FAVORITE
BREAKFAST DISH. THOSE CRISP WHOLE
WHEAT FLAKES, WHEATIES, HAVE A FLAVOR
THAT'S HIT IT OFF WITH MY APPETITE
FOR YEARS"

NOW I'LL
DEMONSTRATE

WHEATIES

**'BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS'**

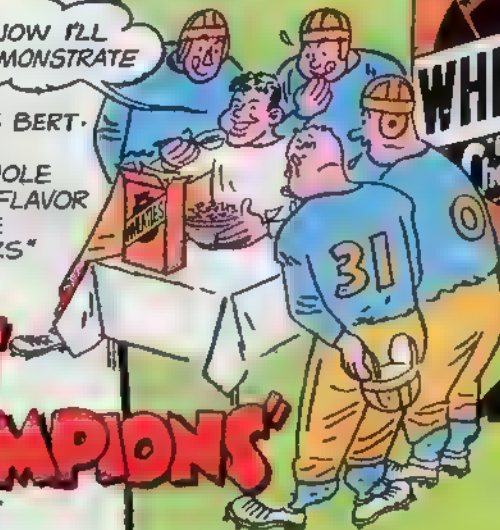
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions
are registered trade marks of
General Mills, Inc.

BERT

LA BRUCHERIE

COACH OF THE
CHAMPION
U.C.L.A. BRUINS

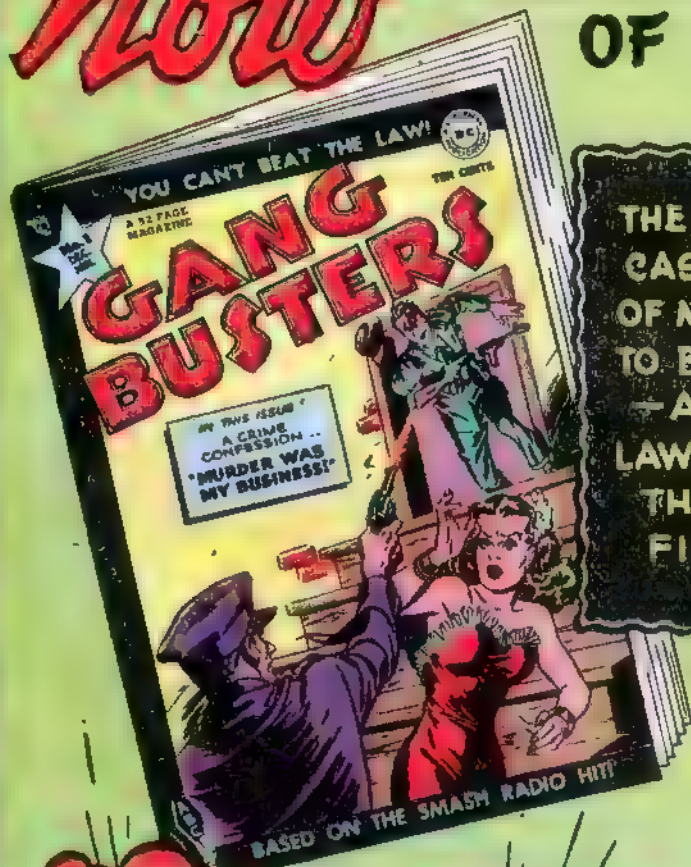




**RADIO'S
ALL-TIME
THRILL FAVORITE**

Now

**IN A
COMICS MAGAZINE
OF ITS OWN!**



**THE PUNCH-PACKED
CASE HISTORIES
OF MEN WHO TRIED
TO BEAT THE LAW
—AND OF THE
LAWMEN WHO BEAT
THEM TO THE
FINAL DRAW!**



DRAMA!

EXCITEMENT!

ACTION!

**WATCH FOR THIS FIRST ISSUE
AT *Your* NEWSSTAND!**



BATMAN



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

THIS IS THE STORY OF
BILL JORDAN,
AN ORDINARY BOY WHO
DREAMED OF LIVING A LIFE
OF THRILLS AND DANGER.
BUT A CRUEL FATE RULED
THAT BILL'S DREAMS WERE
NOT TO COME TRUE—THAT
HE WAS DOOMED TO A DULL
AND UNEXCITING LIFE IN A
MUSEUM—UNTIL HE CROSSED
THE PATH OF
BATMAN AND ROBIN,
THE BOY WONDER,
AND LEARNED THAT HE, LIKE
THEM, WAS—

**"BORN for
ADVENTURE!"**

BOB
KANE



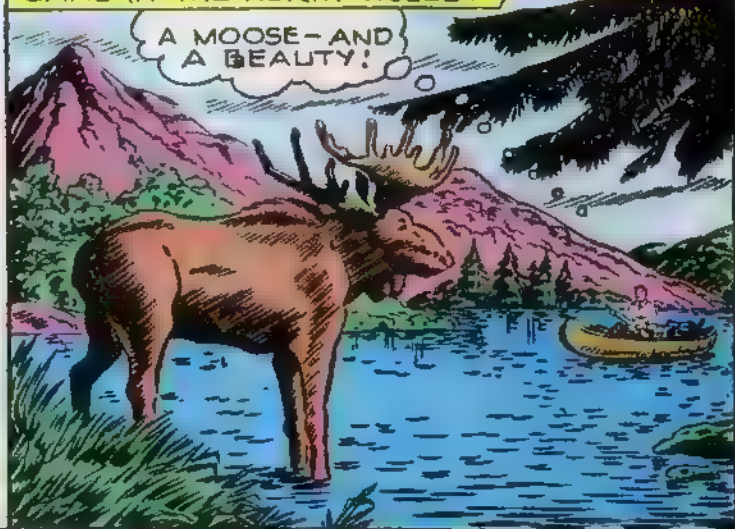


BILL JORDAN ALWAYS DREAMED OF BEING AN EXPLORER. AS A BOY, HE WOULD RISK HIS NECK TO CLIMB A DIZZY CLIFF...



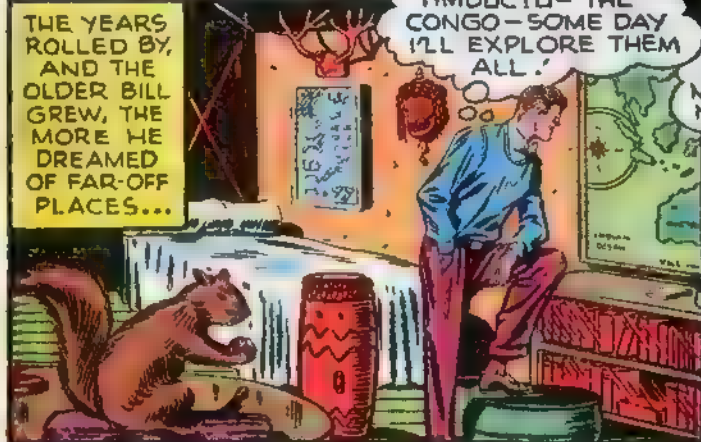
I HOPE OLD MAN EAGLE UNDERSTANDS THIS IS JUST A FRIENDLY VISIT.

DURING SUMMER VACATIONS, BILL HUNTED WILD GAME IN THE NORTH WOODS.



A MOOSE—AND A BEAUTY!

THE YEARS ROLLED BY, AND THE OLDER BILL GREW, THE MORE HE DREAMED OF FAR-OFF PLACES...



BORNEO—TIMBUCTU—THE CONGO—SOME DAY I'LL EXPLORE THEM ALL.

ON THE DAY OF HIS GRADUATION FROM GOTHAM UNIVERSITY...

I'VE TOLD REX LAMARR ABOUT YOU, JORDAN! HE MAY TAKE YOU ON HIS NEXT AFRICAN TRIP!

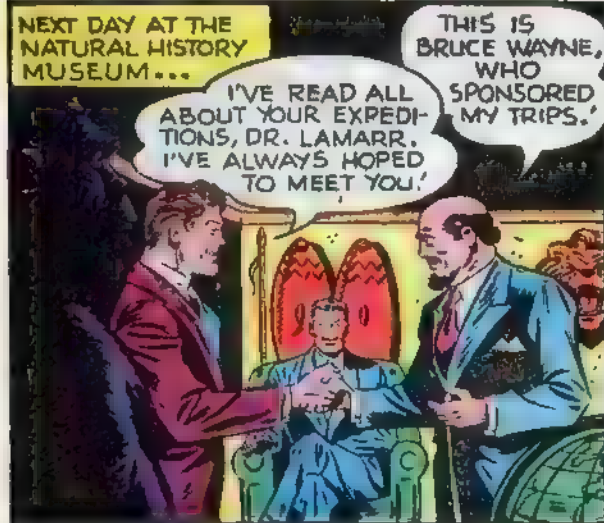
NO KIDDING, PROFESSOR? GOLLY!



NEXT DAY AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM...

I'VE READ ALL ABOUT YOUR EXPEDITIONS, DR. LAMARR. I'VE ALWAYS HOPED TO MEET YOU!

THIS IS BRUCE WAYNE, WHO SPONSORED MY TRIPS.



YOUR CREDENTIALS ARE FINE, JORDAN. IF OUR DOCTOR PASSES YOU, YOU'RE ALL SET.

HE'LL PASS! HE LOOKS AS HEALTHY AS AN ATHLETE!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE EXPEDITION'S DOCTOR, ALL GOES WELL—TILL AN ELECTROCARDIOGRAPH TEST IS MADE!

HMM...NOT SO GOOD!

BUT THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING WRONG WITH MY HEART!

I'M AFRAID THERE IS, BILL! NO EXCITEMENT FOR YOU!

IT'S A SHAME, BUT THE DOCTOR IS RIGHT!

MY CAREER'S OVER BEFORE IT'S BEGUN! I'VE WASTED YEARS GETTING READY FOR—NOTHING!

YOUR TRAINING WON'T BE WASTED, SON. I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB HERE IN THE MUSEUM.

IT WILL BE ALMOST THE SAME WORK YOU'D DO IN THE JUNGLE, EXCEPT FOR THE RISKS!

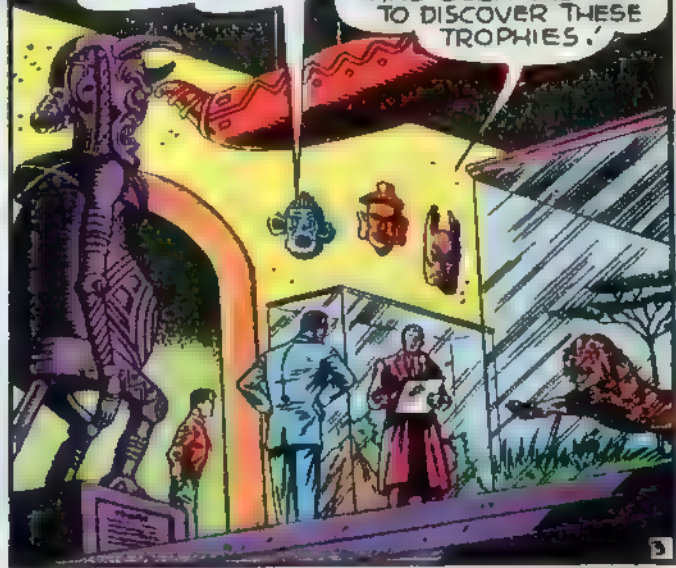
IT WON'T SEEM THE SAME—BUT THANKS! I'LL DO MY BEST!

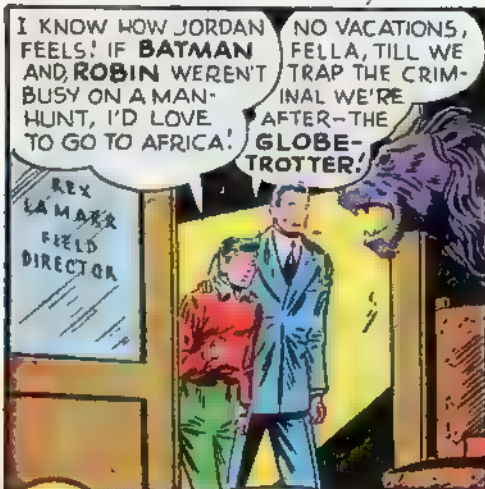
DAYS LATER, AS SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON TAKE A STROLL...

SOME MUSEUM, BRUCE! ZOO, BOTANICAL GARDEN... WHAT WILL LAMARR FIND IN AFRICA THAT ISN'T RIGHT HERE?

CATALOGING THE AFRICAN SECTION, JORDAN? IT'S AN IMPORTANT JOB!

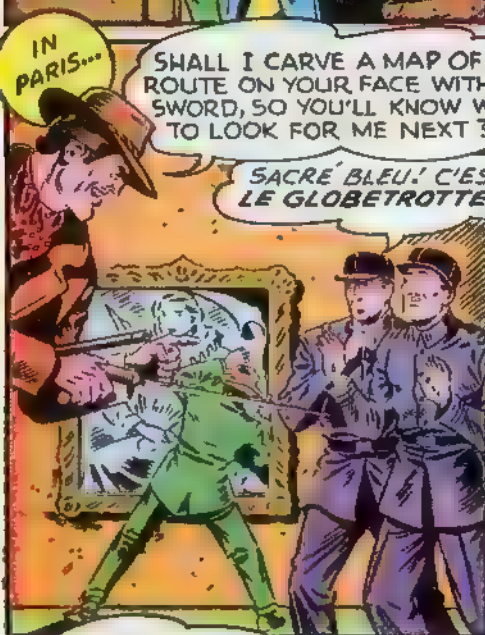
NOT VERY THRILLING, THOUGH! I WISH I HAD BEEN THE MAN TO DISCOVER THESE TROPHIES!





I KNOW HOW JORDAN FEELS! IF **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** WEREN'T BUSY ON A MAN-HUNT, I'D LOVE TO GO TO AFRICA!

NO VACATIONS, FELLA, TILL WE TRAP THE CRIMINAL WE'RE AFTER—THE **GLOBETROTTER**!



IN
PARIS...

SHALL I CARVE A MAP OF MY ROUTE ON YOUR FACE WITH THIS SWORD, SO YOU'LL KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR ME NEXT?

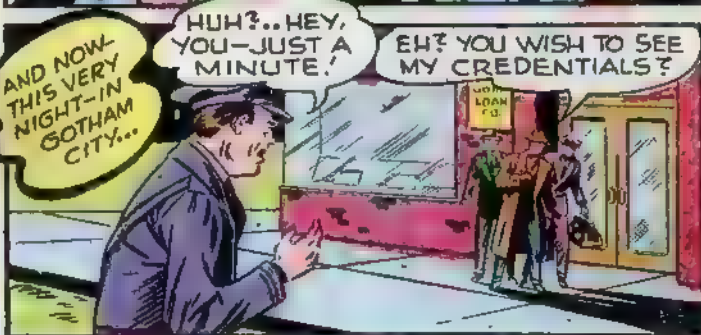
SACRÉ BLEU! C'EST LE **GLOBETROTTER**!



THE **GLOBETROTTER**, INFAMOUS FUGITIVE, HAS BLAZED A TRAIL OF FANTASTIC FELONIES AROUND THE WORLD! IN CEYLON...

A-EE! THEY HAVE STOLEN THE UN-TOUCHABLE RUBY!

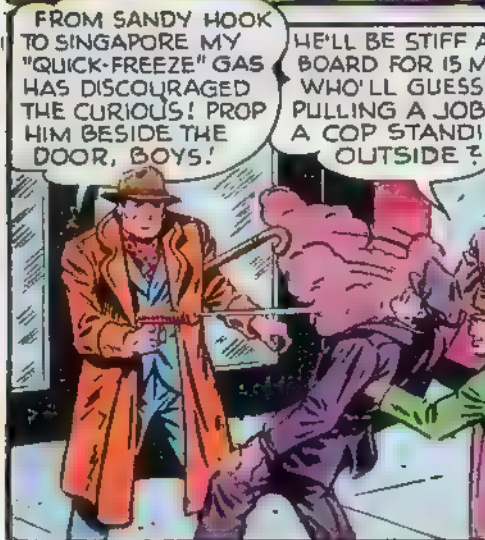
HO HO! THE POLICE WILL FIND ME UNTOUCHABLE, TOO!



AND NOW—THIS VERY NIGHT—IN GOTHAM CITY...

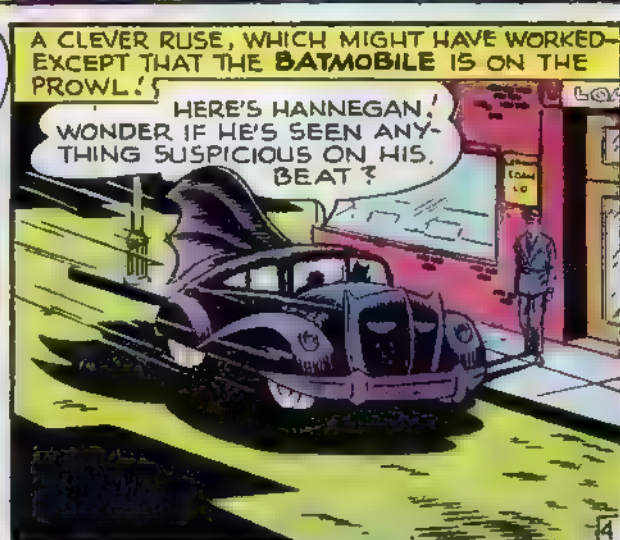
HUH?...HEY, YOU—JUST A MINUTE!

EH? YOU WISH TO SEE MY CREDENTIALS?



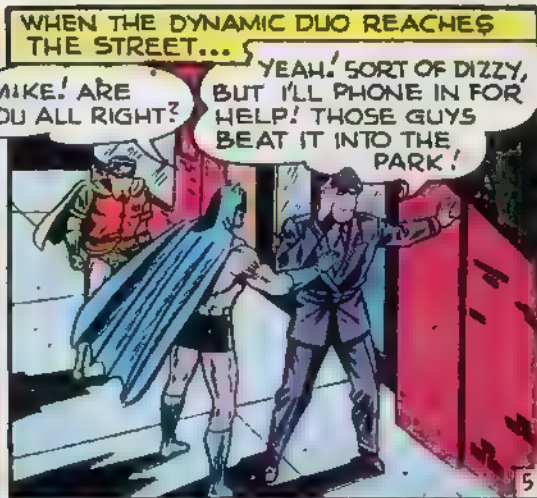
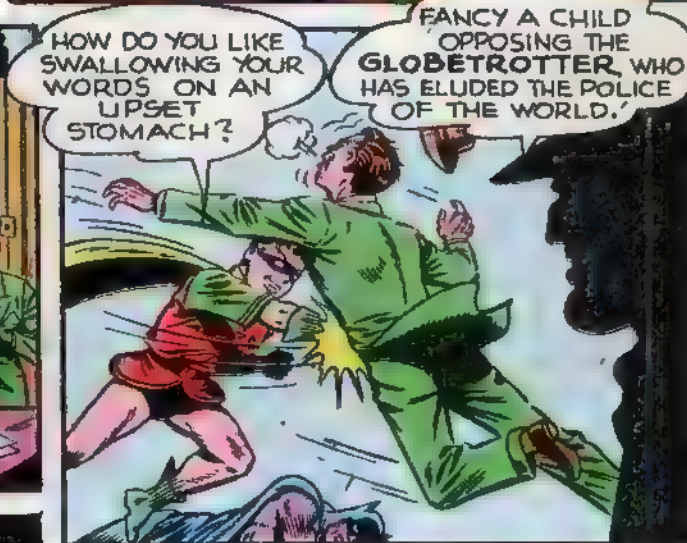
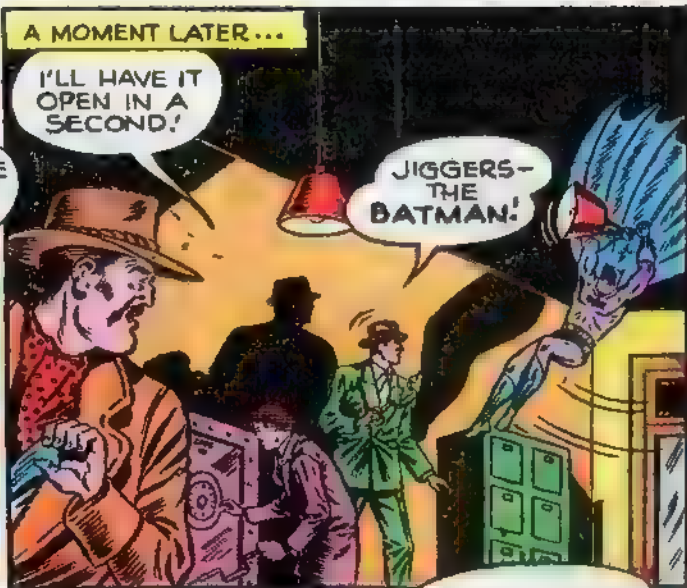
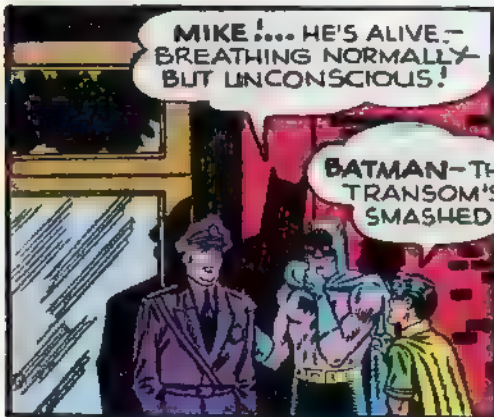
FROM SANDY HOOK TO SINGAPORE MY "QUICK-FREEZE" GAS HAS DISCOURAGED THE CURIOUS! PROP HIM BESIDE THE DOOR, BOYS!

HE'LL BE STIFF AS A BOARD FOR 15 MINUTES! WHO'LL GUESS WE'RE PULLING A JOB WITH A COP STANDING OUTSIDE?



A CLEVER RUSE, WHICH MIGHT HAVE WORKED—EXCEPT THAT THE **BATMOBILE** IS ON THE PROWL!

HERE'S HANNEGAN! WONDER IF HE'S SEEN ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS ON HIS BEAT?

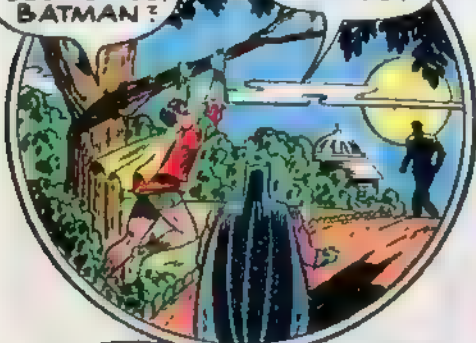




IN A STRETCH OF PARK BEHIND THE MUSEUM...

THINK HE LOOKS SUSPICIOUS, BATMAN?

ANYBODY PROWLING IN THE PARK RIGHT NOW IS SUSPICIOUS! UP YOU GO!

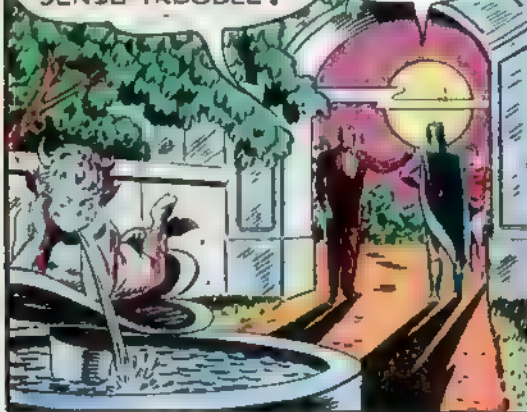


HUH-? BATMAN! EASY—I'M NO CROOK! MY NAME'S BILL JORDAN AND I'VE BEEN WORKING LATE AT THE MUSEUM!



SO ROBBERS ARE HEADED THIS WAY? I THOUGHT I HEARD A COMMOTION OVER NEAR THE ZOO! ANIMALS CAN SENSE TROUBLE!

AS A STUDENT OF NATURAL HISTORY, YOU SHOULD KNOW!



IT'S THE ZOO WATCHMAN—UNCONSCIOUS AND BOUND.

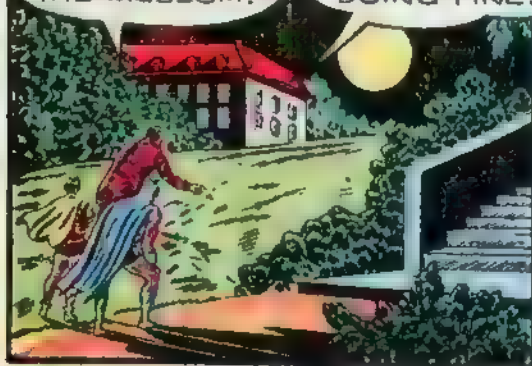
HE'LL REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS SOON, BUT WE CAN'T WAIT! WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, ANYWAY!



NO JUNGLE ROVER COULD TRAIL MORE EXPERTLY THAN THIS!

AH! BROKEN TWIGS—AND FOOTPRINTS POINTING TOWARD THE MUSEUM!

AS A BIG-GAME HUNTER, JORDAN, YOU'RE DOING FINE!

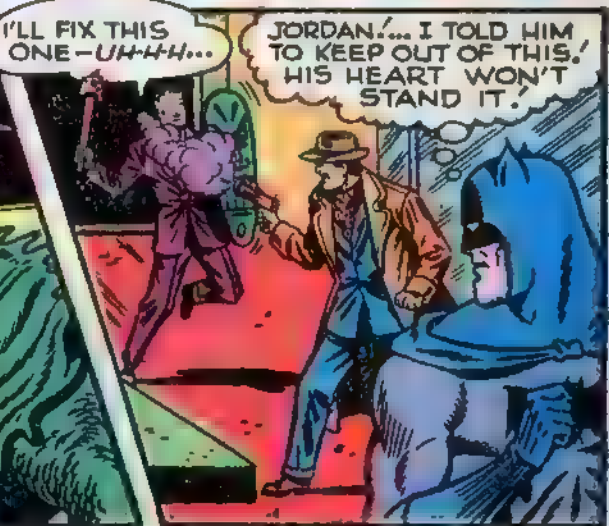
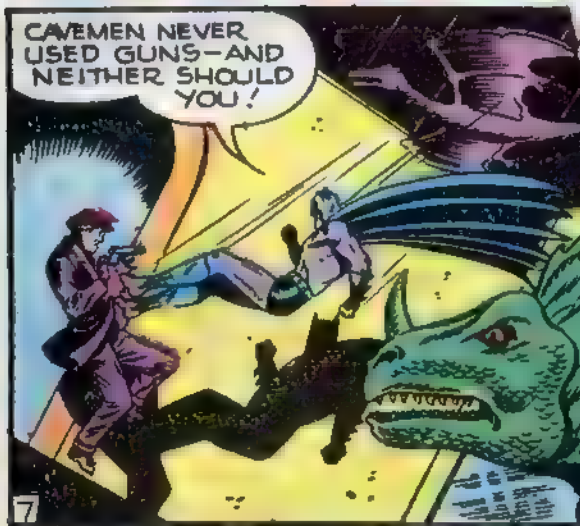
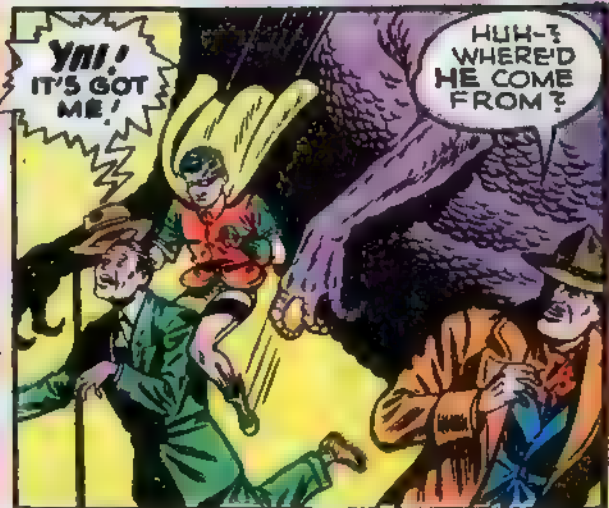
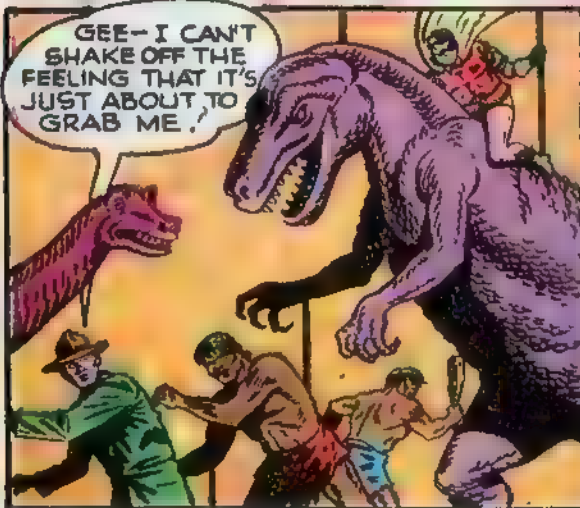
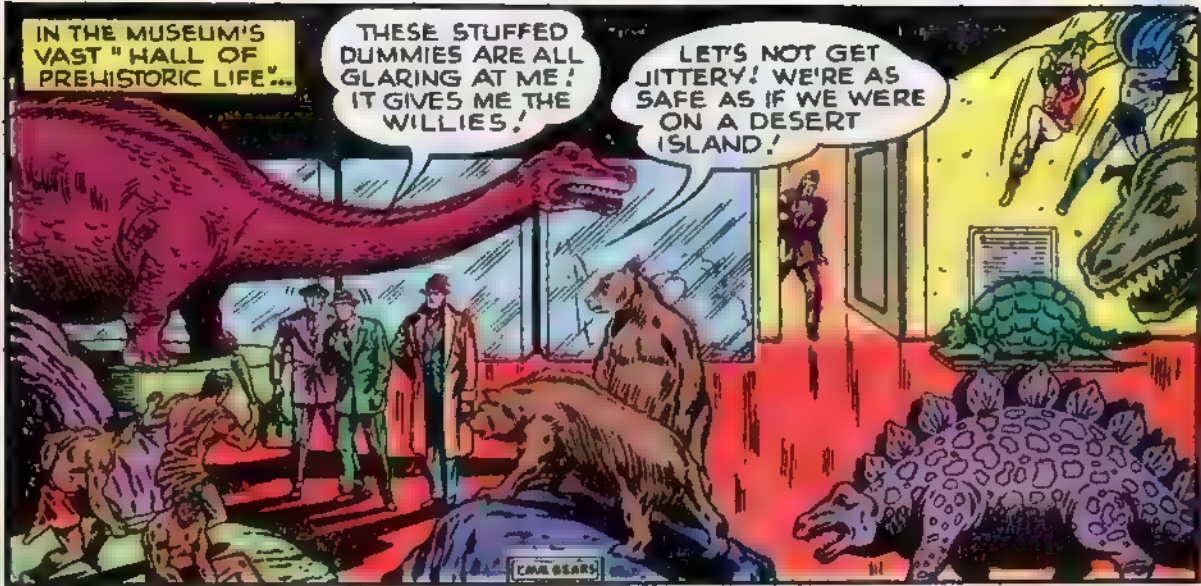


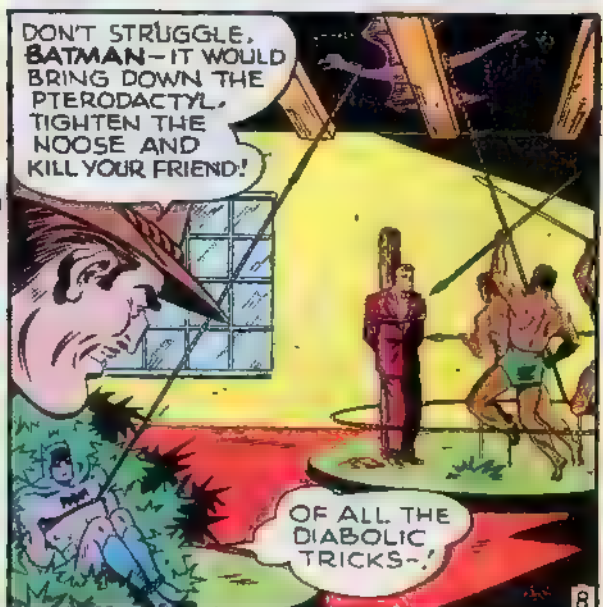
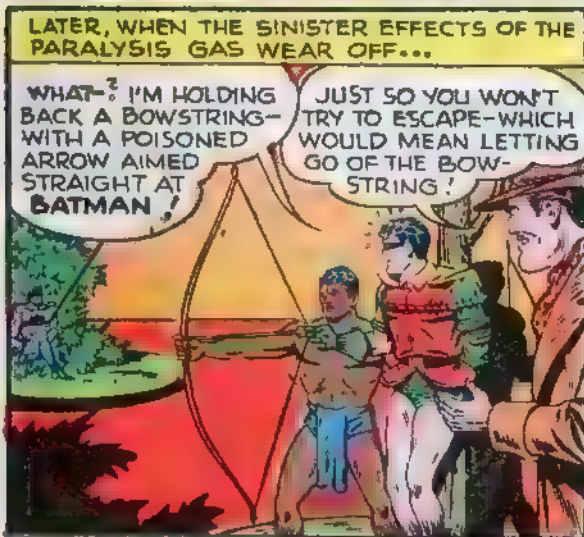
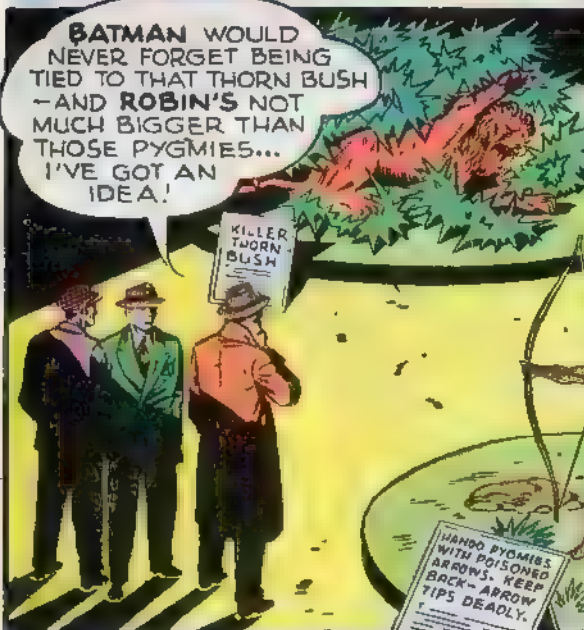
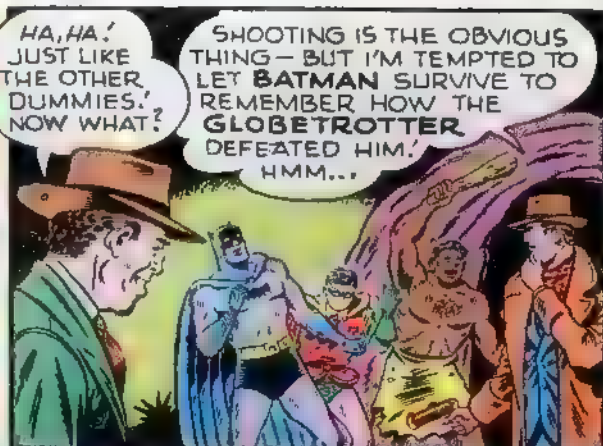
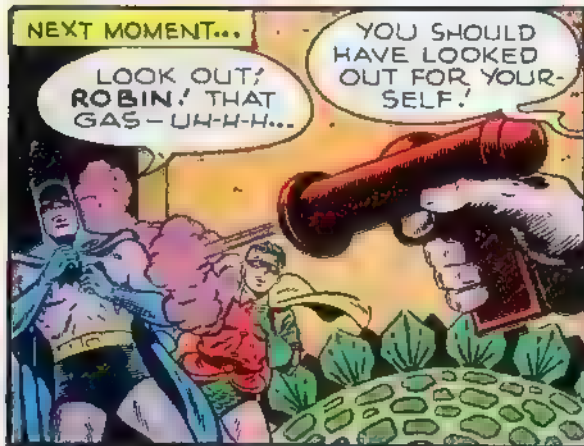
AND AT THE MUSEUM...

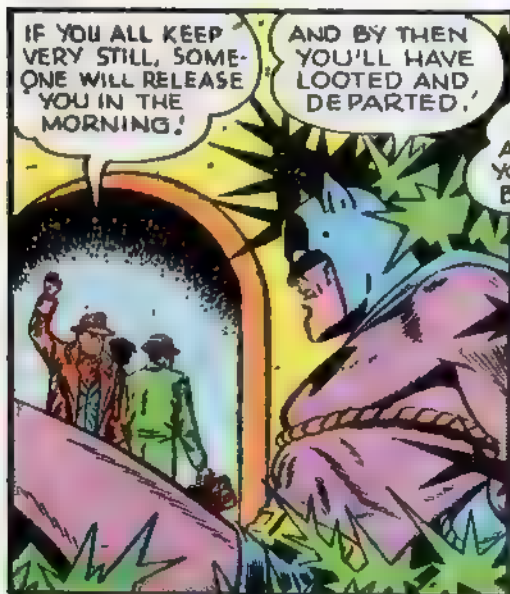
TIE THE GUARD AND TAKE HIS KEYS! THEY'LL SEARCH THE PARK—BUT WHO'LL THINK OF LOOKING FOR US INSIDE HERE?

WHAT'S MORE, WE CAN LOOT THE PLACE!









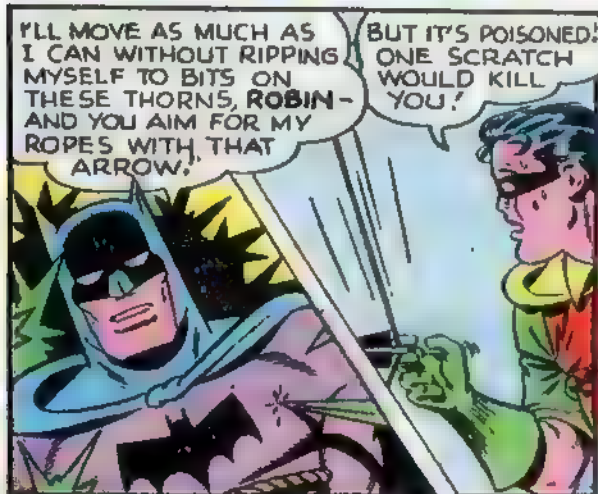
IF YOU ALL KEEP VERY STILL, SOMEONE WILL RELEASE YOU IN THE MORNING!

AND BY THEN YOU'LL HAVE LOOTED AND DEPARTED!

WHEN THE VILLAINS HAVE GONE IN SEARCH OF BOOTY...

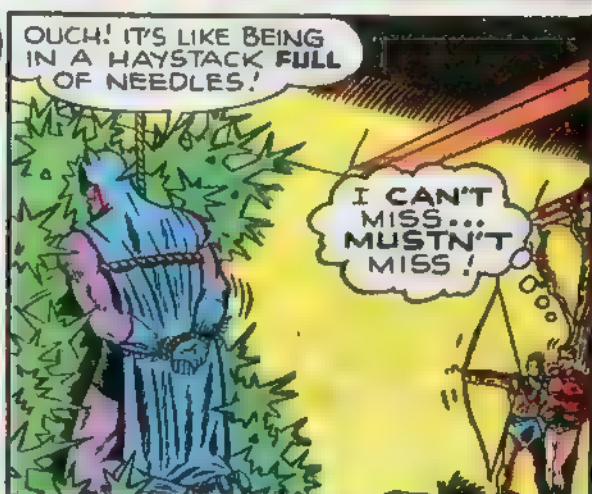
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, BATMAN! ESCAPE AND TRAP THOSE RATS IF YOU CAN! I'M LIVING ON BORROWED TIME, ANYWAY!

NONSENSE! WE CAN THINK OUR WAY FREE!



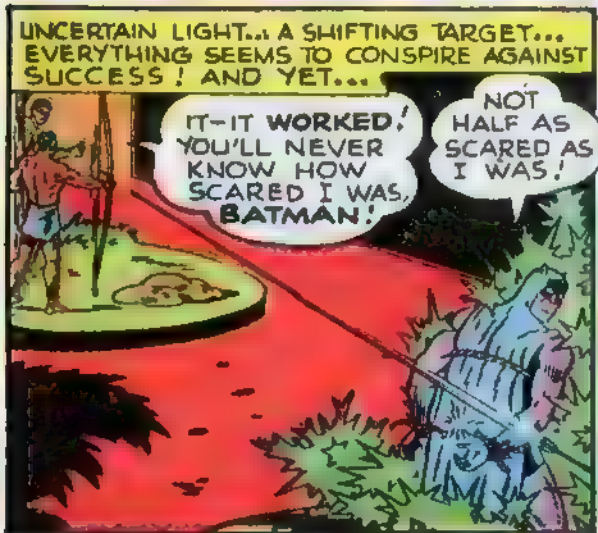
I'LL MOVE AS MUCH AS I CAN WITHOUT RIPPING MYSELF TO BITS ON THESE THORNS, ROBIN - AND YOU AIM FOR MY ROPES WITH THAT ARROW!

BUT IT'S POISONED! ONE SCRATCH WOULD KILL YOU!



OUCH! IT'S LIKE BEING IN A HAYSTACK FULL OF NEEDLES!

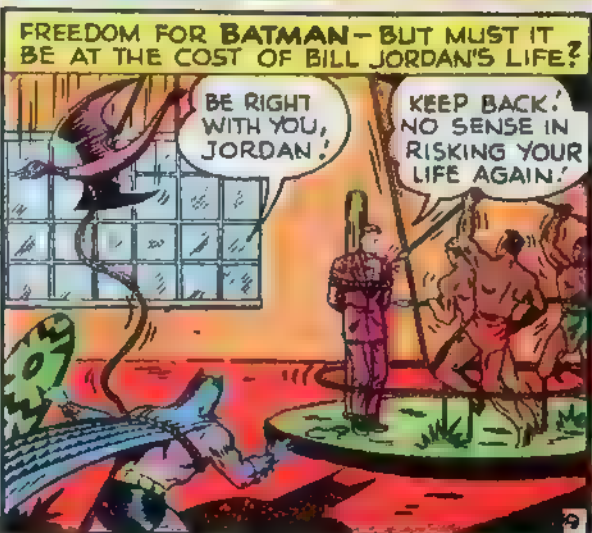
I CAN'T MISS... MUSTN'T MISS!



UNCERTAIN LIGHT... A SHIFTING TARGET... EVERYTHING SEEMS TO CONSPIRE AGAINST SUCCESS! AND YET...

IT-IT WORKED! YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW SCARED I WAS, BATMAN!

NOT HALF AS SCARED AS I WAS!



FREEDOM FOR BATMAN - BUT MUST IT BE AT THE COST OF BILL JORDAN'S LIFE?

BE RIGHT WITH YOU, JORDAN!

KEEP BACK! NO SENSE IN RISKING YOUR LIFE AGAIN!

THE DEADLY SPEARS STRIKE—AND ARE FOILED!

THAT DOES IT!

WHEW! NO ONE EVER HAD A CLOSER CALL, EVEN IN THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE!

A HASTY COUNCIL OF WAR FOLLOWS...

MY HEART'S HOLDING OUT FINE SO FAR! DON'T KEEP ME OUT OF THE REST OF THE PARTY!

I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT! KNOWING THIS PLACE, YOU SHOULD HAVE SOME IDEAS ON HOW TO TRAP THE GLOBETROTTER!

PROBABLY HE'LL GO AFTER THE FAMOUS JEWELLED IDOL, KWAIDAN.

I'VE SEEN IT—ALL RUBIES, EMERALDS AND UGLINESS.

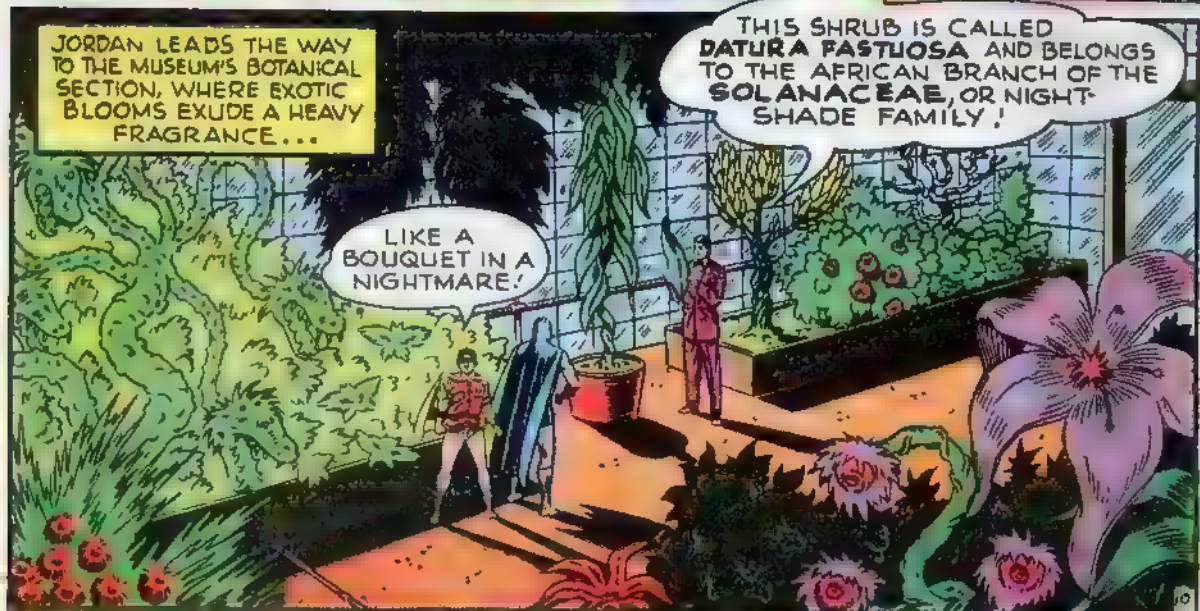
SAVAGES BELIEVED IT HAD THE POWER TO CHANGE MEN INTO ANIMALS! THAT'S SILLY OF COURSE...

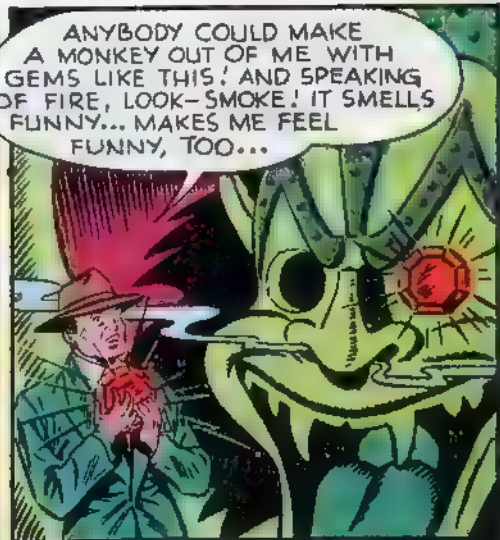
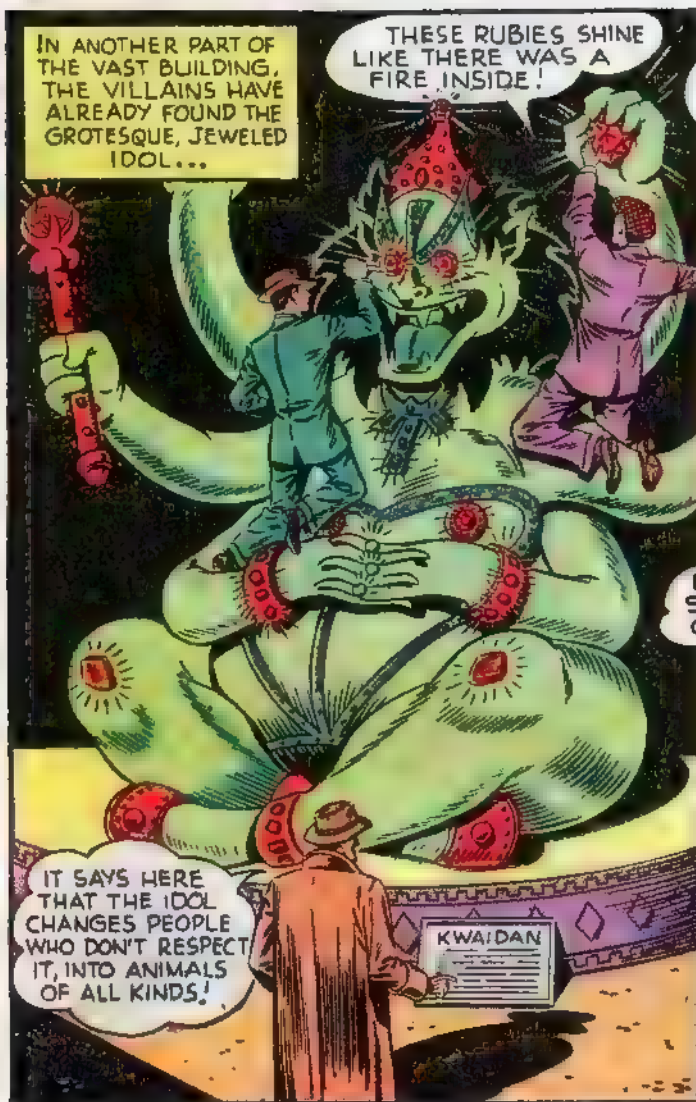
IS IT? I'VE READ OF STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING IN THE JUNGLES, AND I HAVE IDEAS OF MY OWN ABOUT SOME OF THEM! HMM...

JORDAN LEADS THE WAY TO THE MUSEUM'S BOTANICAL SECTION, WHERE EXOTIC BLOOMS EXUDE A HEAVY FRAGRANCE...

LIKE A BOUQUET IN A NIGHTMARE!

THIS SHRUB IS CALLED **DATURA FASTUOSA** AND BELONGS TO THE AFRICAN BRANCH OF THE **SOLANACEAE**, OR NIGHT-SHADE FAMILY!





WITHIN THE IDOL'S HOLLOW SHELL, WHERE
ONCE SAVAGE WITCH-DOCTORS CROUCHED..

MY TRICK'S GOT ALL OF
THEM! YOU'LL FIND THE
MONKEY AND THE DONKEY
FAIRLY REASONABLE—
BUT NOT THE
GORILLA!

I STILL SAY
IT'S BLACK
MAGIC,
JORDAN!

ARGH-H-HH!

HE THINKS HE'S A
GORILLA AND WANTS
TO WRESTLE!

CHEEP
CHEEP!

FIRST TIME I EVER
HAD A CROOK EATING
OUT OF MY HAND!

THE BIG FELLOW
LOOKS AS IF HE'D
LIKE TO EAT
ME!

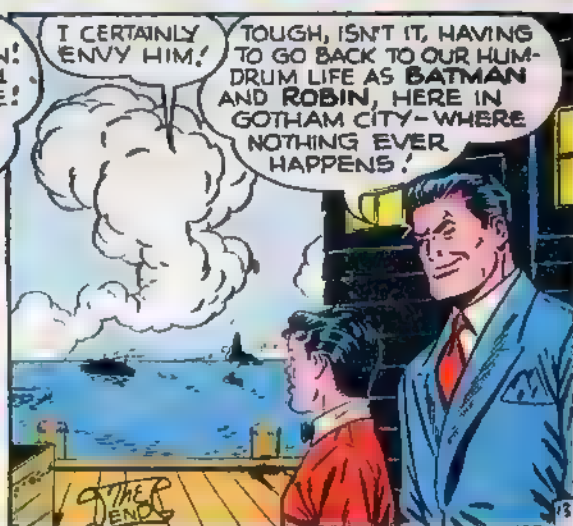
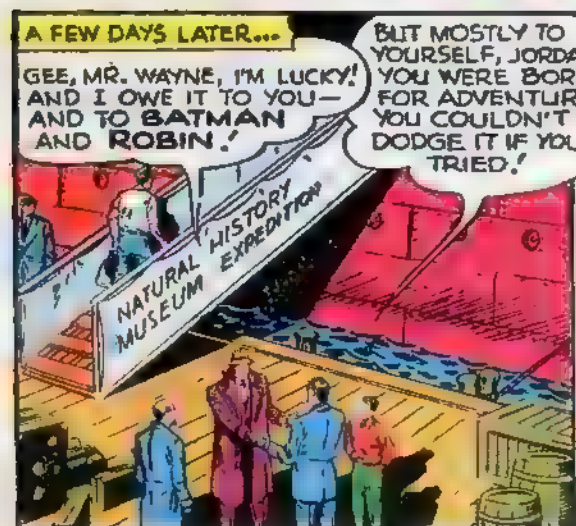
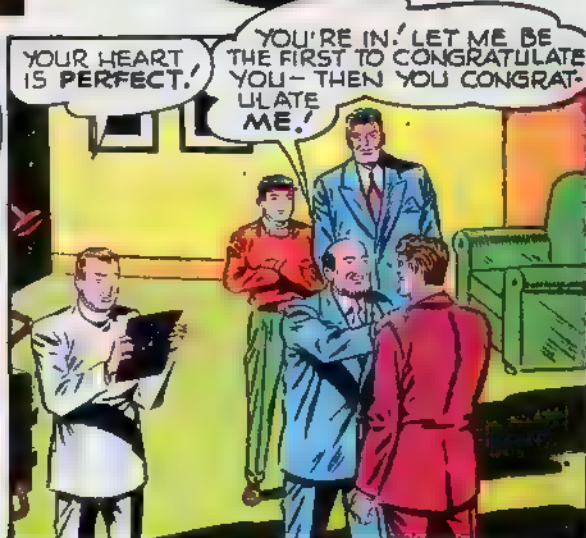
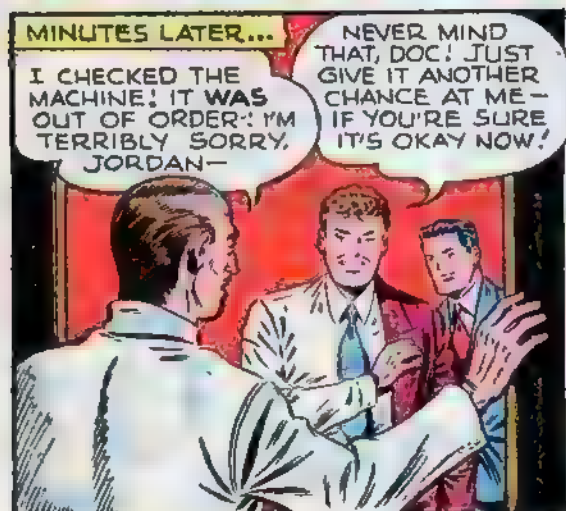
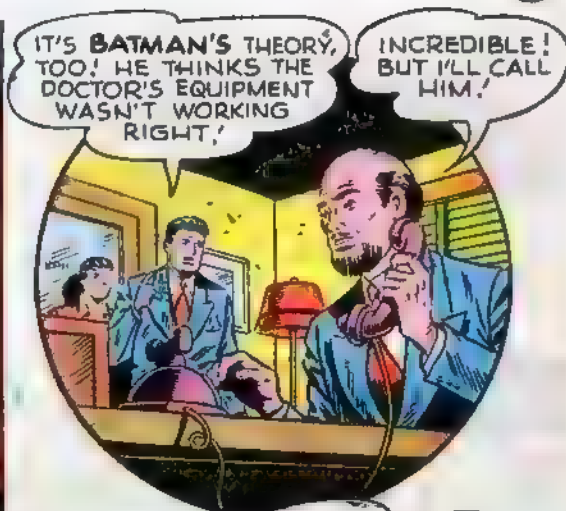
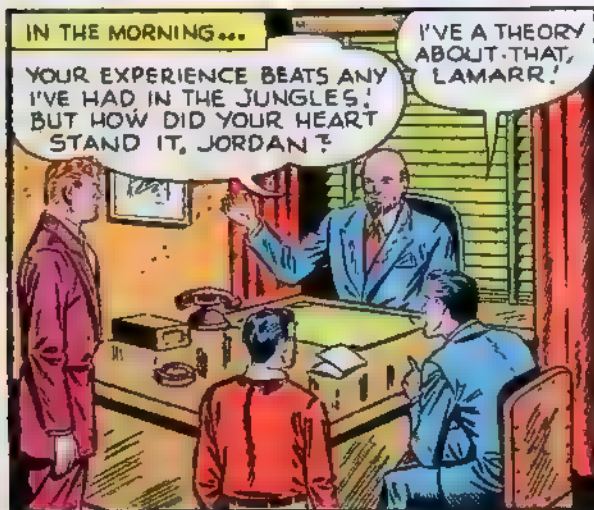
BUT THE MANLY ART
OF BOXING IS MORE
MY STYLE!

UH-H-HH...

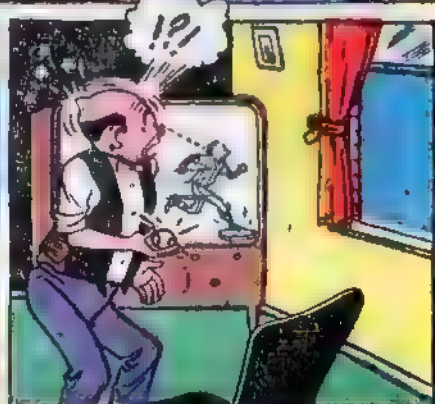
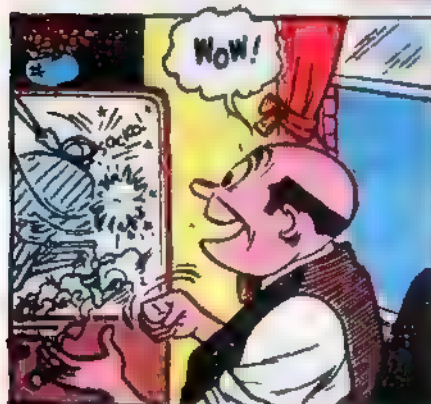
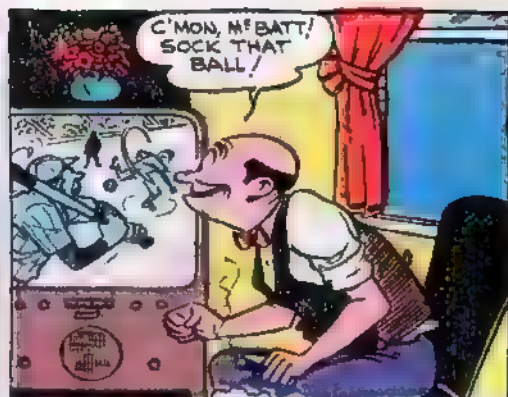
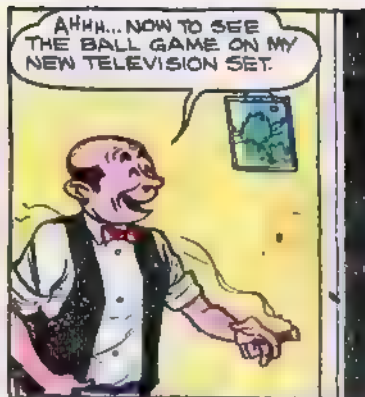
IT'S ONE OF NATURE'S MOST
AMAZING TRICKS! WHEN
YOU BURN THE **DATURA**
FASTUOSA DRUG, ITS SMOKE
DRUGS MEN SO THEY THINK
THEY'RE ANIMALS, WITCH
DOCTORS USE THIS TRICK
OFTEN!

FROM NOW ON, I GUESS,
THIS EX-GORILLA WON'T
DO ANY MORE GLOBE-
TROTTERING THAN I WILL!

NOT AS MUCH!
SOMETHING TELLS
ME YOU'RE GOING
TO DO PLENTY,
JORDAN!

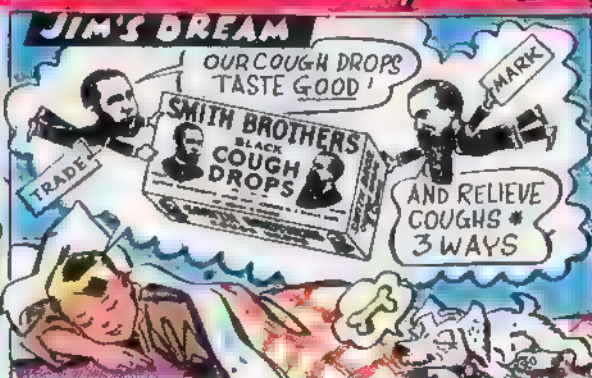
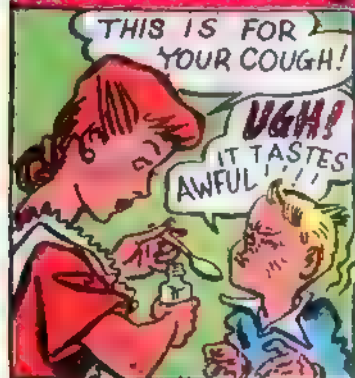


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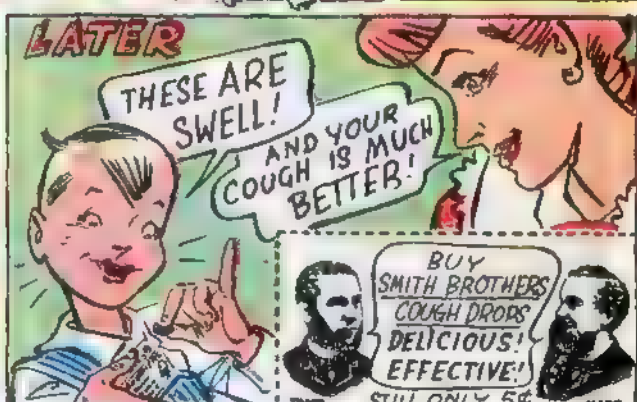
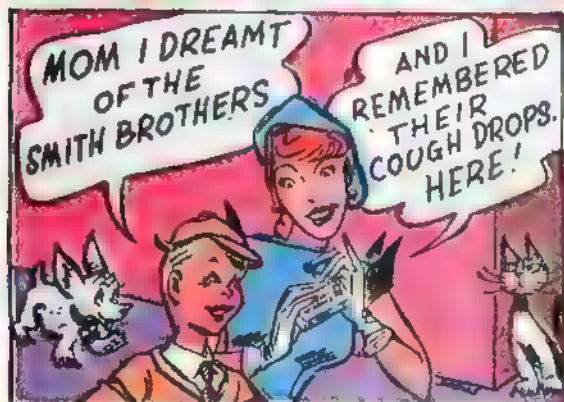
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STRANGE TERRITORY

BY M. G. PATTINGTON

LOUIS "The Breaker," last name long lost in a trail of many aliases, stretched powerful arms over his close-cropped head and yawned as the sheriff turned the key. Louis was disgusted. Cooped up in a county jail merely for trying to relieve a country shopper of her pocketbook. Just his luck she had happened to hear the catch on the handbag snap when his deft fingers had opened it. Some more of the same luck when the big fellow at the next counter happened to be the county sheriff.

"Never did care for these strange hick places," Louis grumbled to himself as the sheriff's steps died away. "And when they get those finger prints checked they'll have a guard outside this cage in a hurry. They don't forget a cop killer."

Stepping softly to the door of his cell, Louis listened. A closing door at the end of the corridor was proof enough that the sheriff had returned to his office. Louis wasted no time. It's just possible this lawman will go to the trouble of using the telegraph. Louis thought to himself. He had no delusions about this being a one-horse jail, for the quick glance he had made of the sheriff's equipment had shown that it was up-to-date. Louis knew that rural law officers now took police courses.

Quickly bending over, the Breaker ran a finger down inside a pant's cuff, broke a couple of threads and produced an eight inch length of fine saw blade that would bite through almost any metal bar. A pipe that the sheriff had allowed Louis to keep, when the mouthpiece was pulled out, became a cleverly designed handle. Louis

went to work.

"That does it," the Breaker whispered to himself as he wiped the sweat from his face, braced his feet against the cell wall and bent the cut bars in, leaving an opening large enough for him to wedge his way through.

No one was in sight along the dimly lit alley as he dropped to the ground. Louis headed straight for the local hardware store and the showcase full of guns he had spotted when he first arrived in town. Louis made a practice of noticing such things. Off came a shoe, and the soft gum sole broke the side window with one well placed smash. A minute later Louis had his gun and bullets. As he stepped back again through the broken window, the jail siren, a couple of blocks down the street screamed out on the night-air. Snarling over the quick discovery, Louis raced back through the next alley and reached a country road on the outskirts of the town. Back of him the haunting rise and fall of the jail siren mingled with sounds of an awakened town.

"I'd better cut cross country," he decided.

The going was tough, and an hour's struggling through fields and woods was about all that the Breaker could take. And then to the right a big barn suddenly loomed up. Louis opened a side door and ran squarely into a boy carrying a lantern.

"Just keep still, kid, and you won't get hurt." Louis tried to make his voice soft, for he knew if the boy became panic-stricken, even the sight of his gun wouldn't stop his yelling.

"Who are you?" the boy's voice shook, for the sudden appearance of an armed man out of the night had been startling.

"Never mind who I am, kid. Just answer my questions and keep quiet. Who else is around here?"

"No one," the boy's voice was firm again. "I'm all alone here. Ma's away and Dad left for town an hour ago to join the posse. Sheriff Young called him on the phone. A man wanted for murder just . . ."

The boy stopped suddenly as the burly figure in front drew in his breath with a sharp rasping grunt.

"So, the sheriff knows all 'bout me already. Those teletypes are sure fast. Thanks, kid," Louis' voice rolled a hollow menace in the vastness of the big barn and the boy instinctively stepped back.

"Hold it, kid. I told you to take it easy and you wouldn't get hurt—maybe! Got any old clothes; overalls, a work shirt, straw hat, something like that?"

Louis' brain was working at top speed: "If I get some country clothes I may be able to get through and hop a freight. These checked rags I'm wearing now show up a mile away. But I've got to work fast."

The boy's gaze lifted toward the top of the big barn, "Yes, I—I think Dad has some work clothes up in the loft."

"Well don't stall. How do we get up there?" The gun muzzle stabbed.

"I'll lower the ladder so you can climb up and get 'em," the boy's voice changed slightly as he reached for a hanging rope and Louis made a sudden decision.

"You keep away from that rope, kid. I'll do my own lowering but maybe you can do the climbing."

Louis grabbed the rope that the boy had reached for and gave a quick hard pull.

He dimly heard a rushing sound and then it seemed to him that there were all kinds of lights that revolved around and around, lights that finally exploded in his head leaving him in a thick, overwhelming darkness.

★ ★ ★

"How in the world did you ever get the Breaker to dump that hay on himself, Johnny?" the sheriff wanted to know. In answer to an excited telephone call he had hurried with some of his posse to the farm where he found the boy standing with a loaded gun before a great pile of hay on the barn floor.

"Well, when he wanted some clothes, Sheriff, I told him they were up in the loft. I think he suspected some trick for he insisted on pulling the rope himself. Dad just got a new rope today for the big horse-fork and to stretch it and take the kinks out of it, he socked the fork in half a load of hay, drew it up to the top of the barn with the tractor and left it there. When this fellow pulled what he thought was a ladder rope, he dropped the whole half load from the top of the barn, because he tripped the fork."

The sheriff whistled.

"That much green hay from a thirty-five foot barn rafter packs some punch, Johnny. Almost broke his neck."

"Funny how some of these so-called bad men seem to think they'll have easier going out in the country," the sheriff continued as some of his deputies began to fork away the hay. "Trouble is they generally run into something like this that's strange to them. Like a fish trying to hide on dry land. Kind of out of their element when they get in strange territory."

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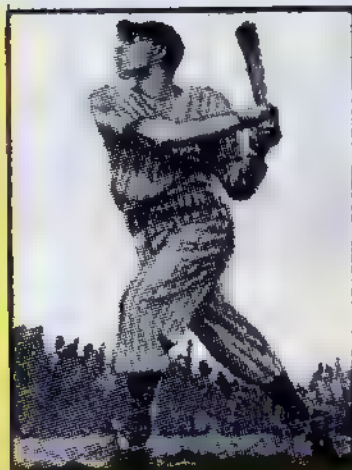
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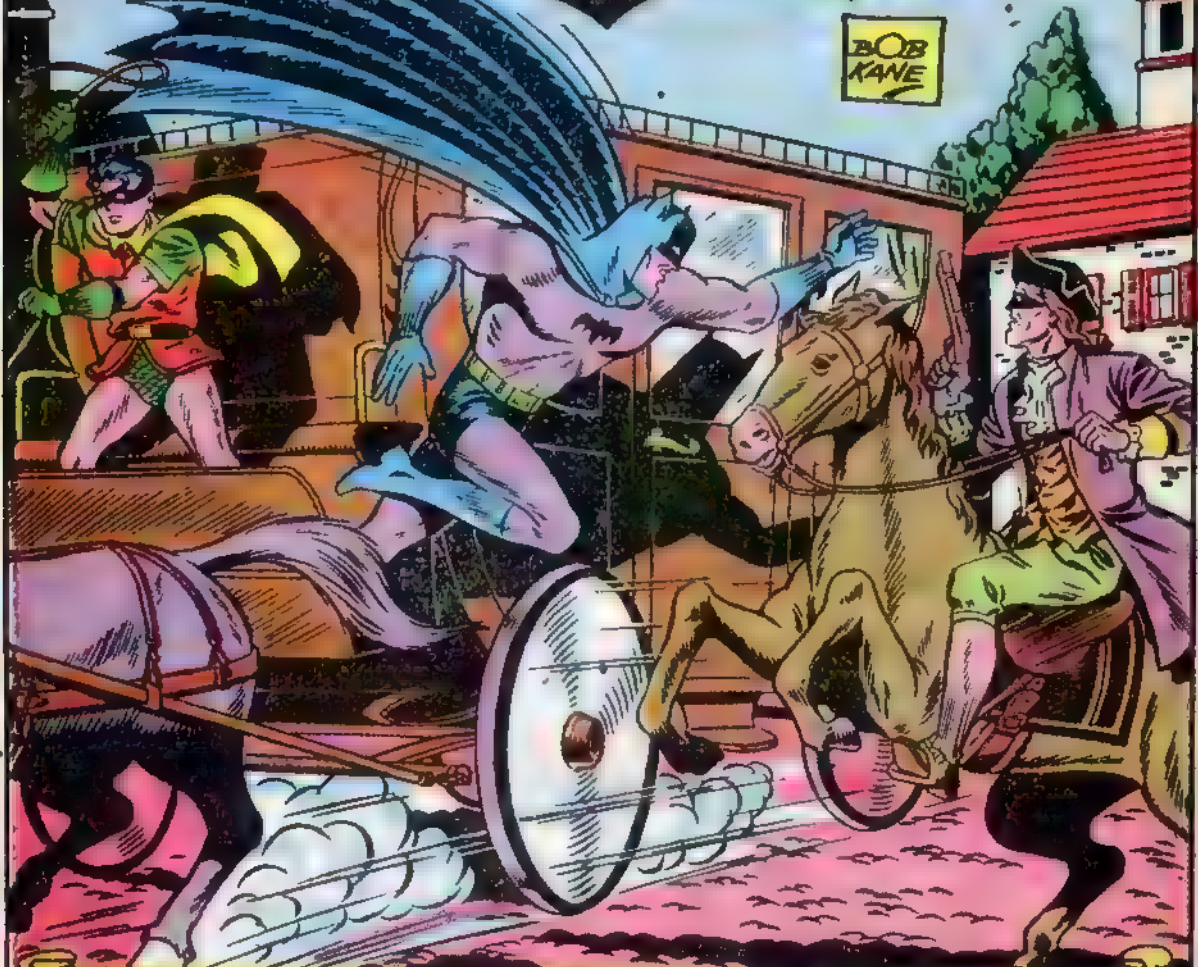
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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

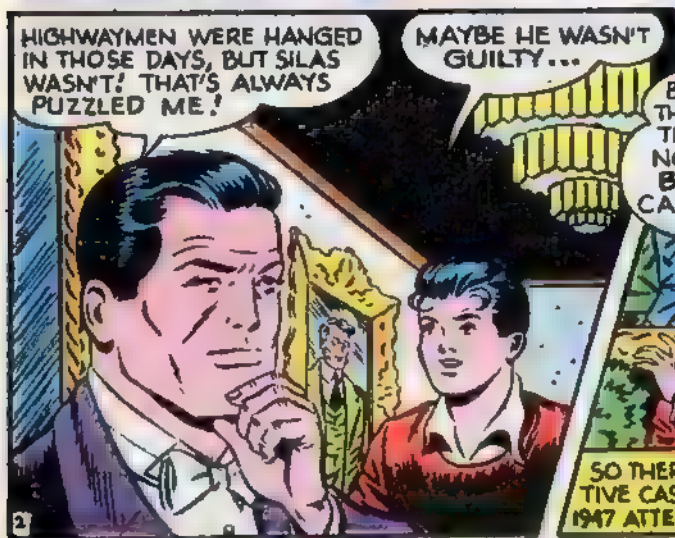
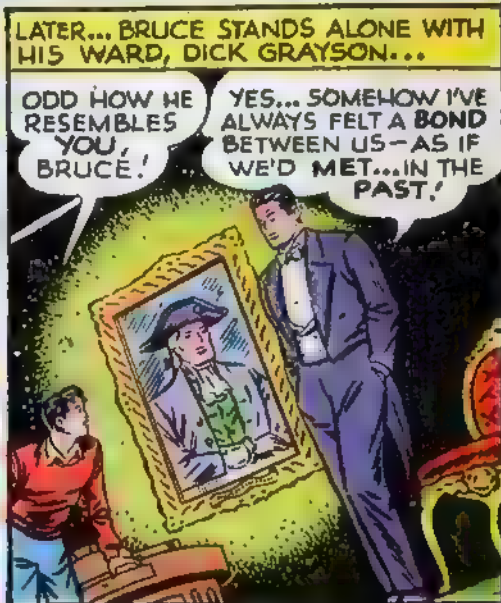
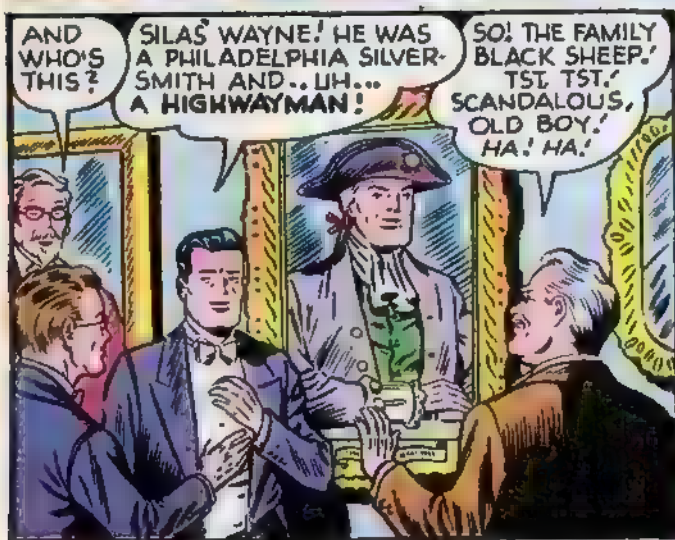
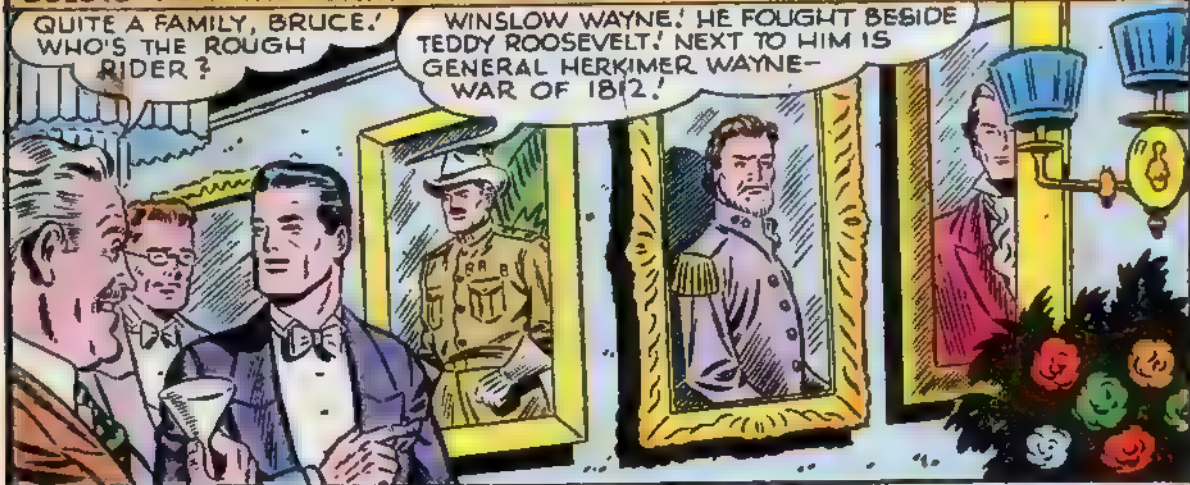
- THE BOY WONDER -

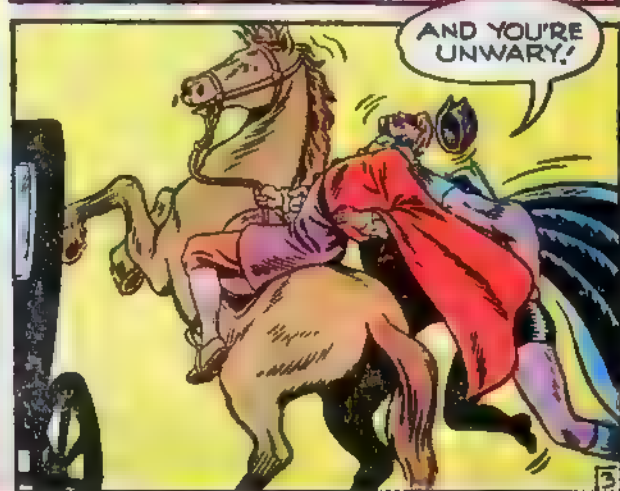
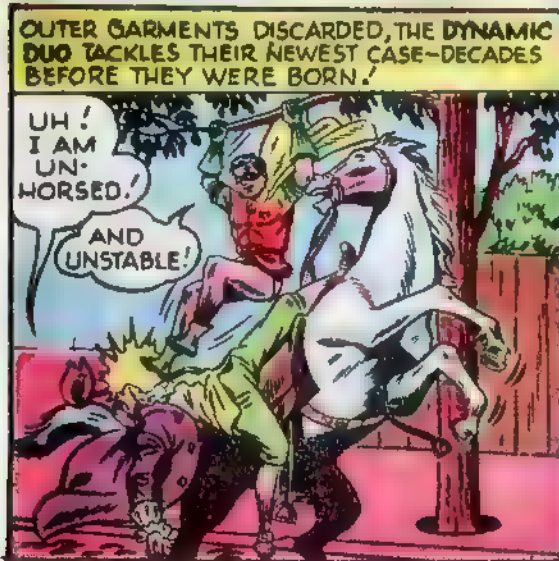
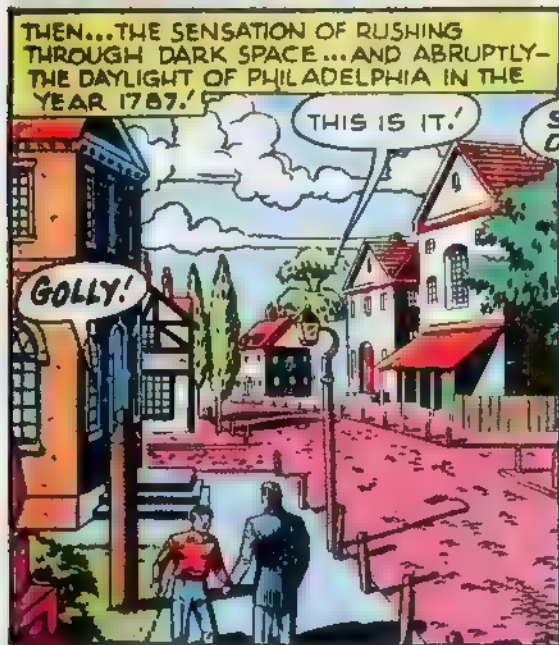
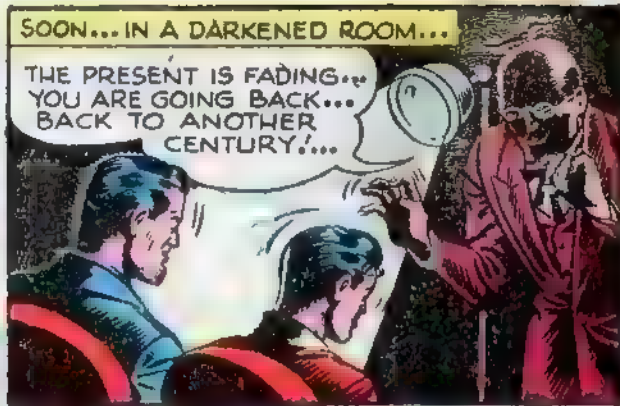
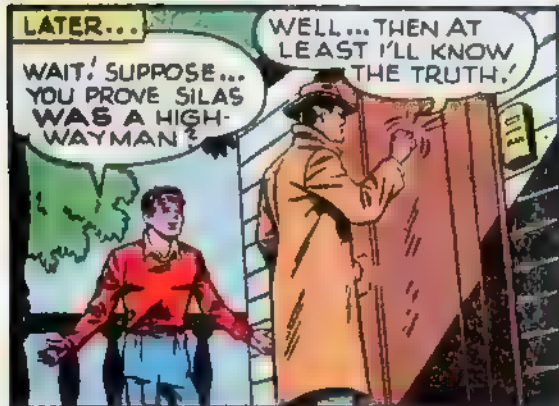


SUPPOSE ONE OF YOUR ANCESTORS WAS THOUGHT TO BE A THIEF—BUT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IT? SUPPOSE YOU WANTED TO PROVE YOUR ANCESTOR'S INNOCENCE—EVEN IF IT MEANT PLAYING DETECTIVE A HUNDRED YEARS BACK IN TIME? IMPOSSIBLE, YOU SAY? THEN BRACE YOURSELF... FOR ONE MAN DID JUST THAT, THAT MAN WAS BRUCE WAYNE... ALIAS THE BATMAN! YES, CRIME MARCHES BACKWARD AS BATMAN PLUNGES ACROSS THE CHASM OF TIME INTO A WORLD OF YESTERDAY TO BECOME...

"THE FIRST AMERICAN DETECTIVE!"

IN THE PALATIAL HOME OF SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE... (IN REALITY, THE BATMAN!)... GUESTS VIEW THE PORTRAITS OF BRUCE'S ANCESTORS...



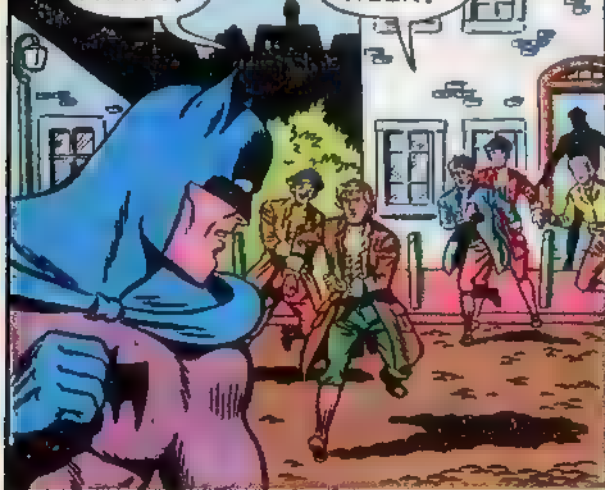




SUDDENLY IRATE CITIZENS POUR FROM HOUSES...

HIGHWAYMEN AGAIN!

THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK!



THE OTHERS GALLOP OFF!

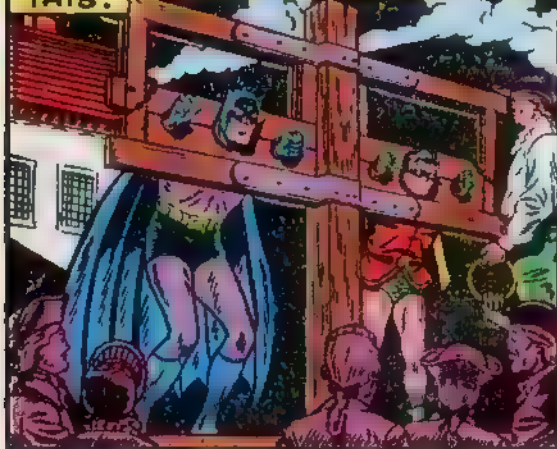
BUT WE STILL HOLD THEIR MASKED COMRADES!

TO THE PILLORY WITH THEM!

NO... YOU'RE WRONG...

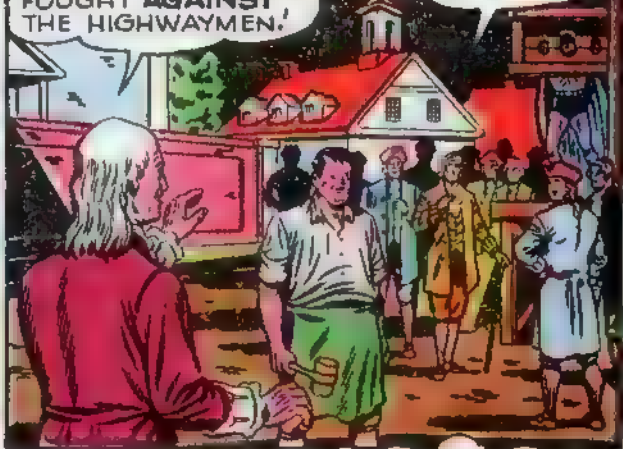


CERTAINLY IN THEIR WILDEST DREAMS THE CRIMEBUSTERS NEVER EXPECTED THIS!



RELEASE THEM! THEY ARE NOT BANDITS! THEY FOUGHT AGAINST THE HIGHWAYMEN.

IT'S DOCTOR BEN FRANKLIN!



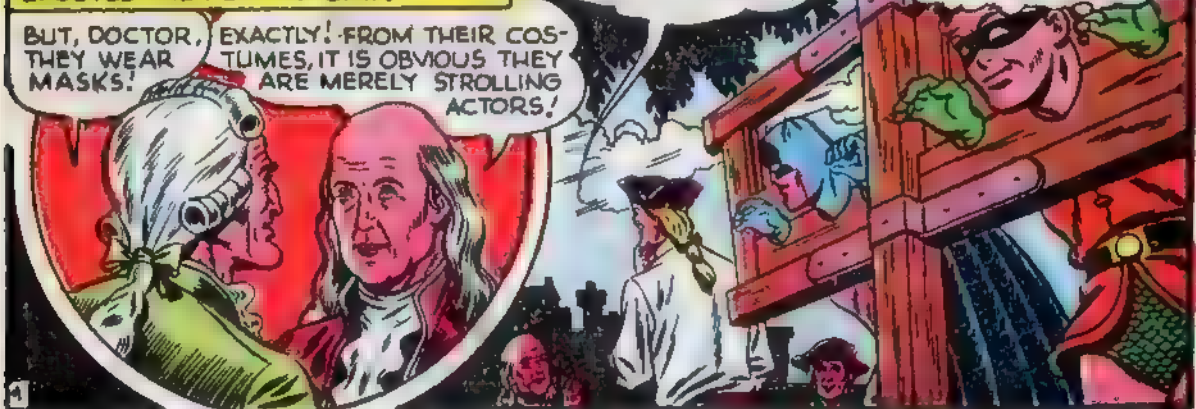
BEN FRANKLIN—SCIENTIST, WRITER, STATESMAN... ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTED MEN OF HIS DAY!

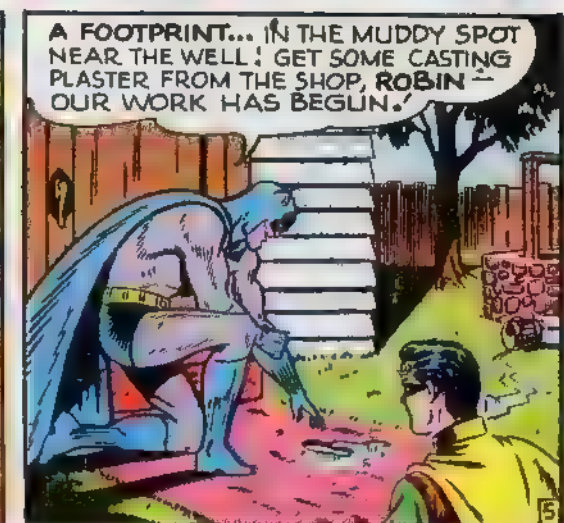
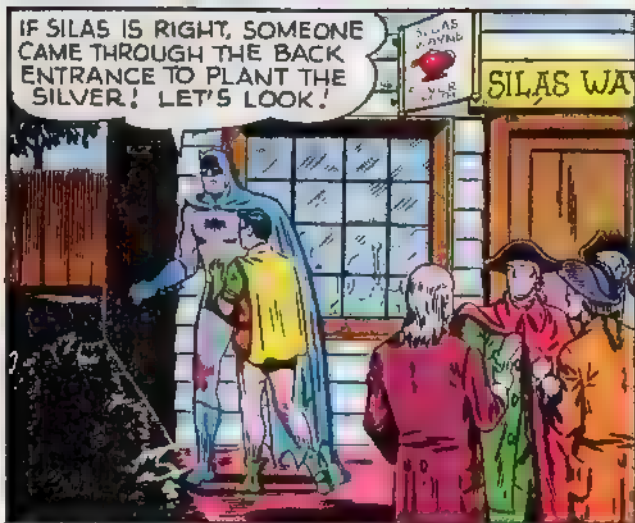
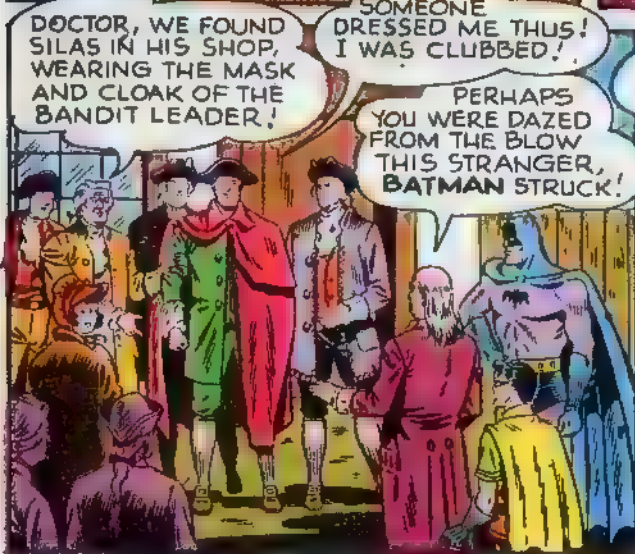
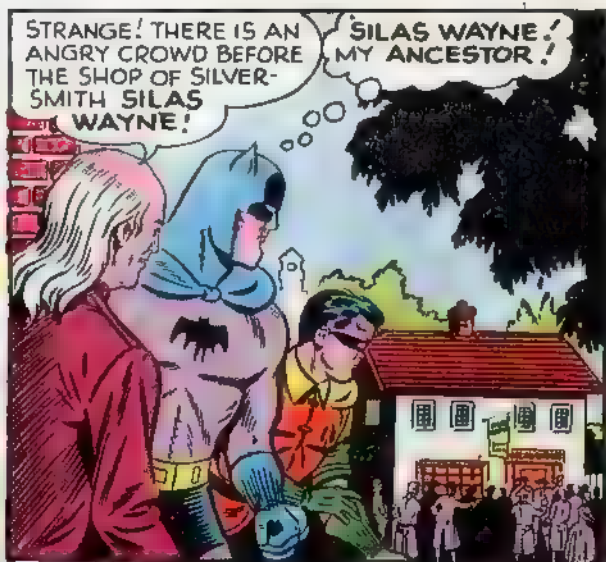
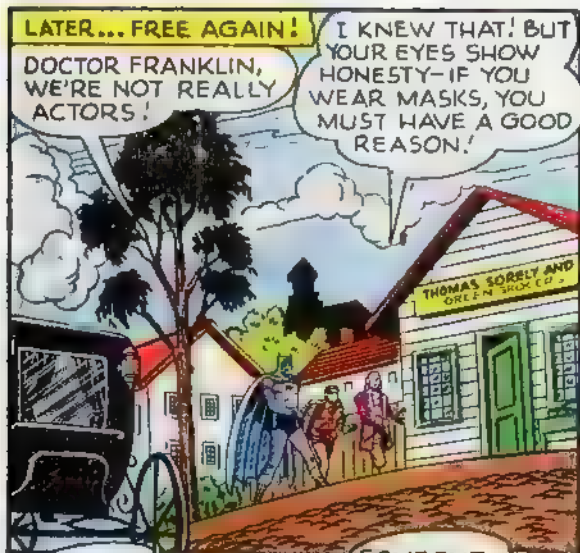
BUT, DOCTOR, THEY WEAR MASKS!

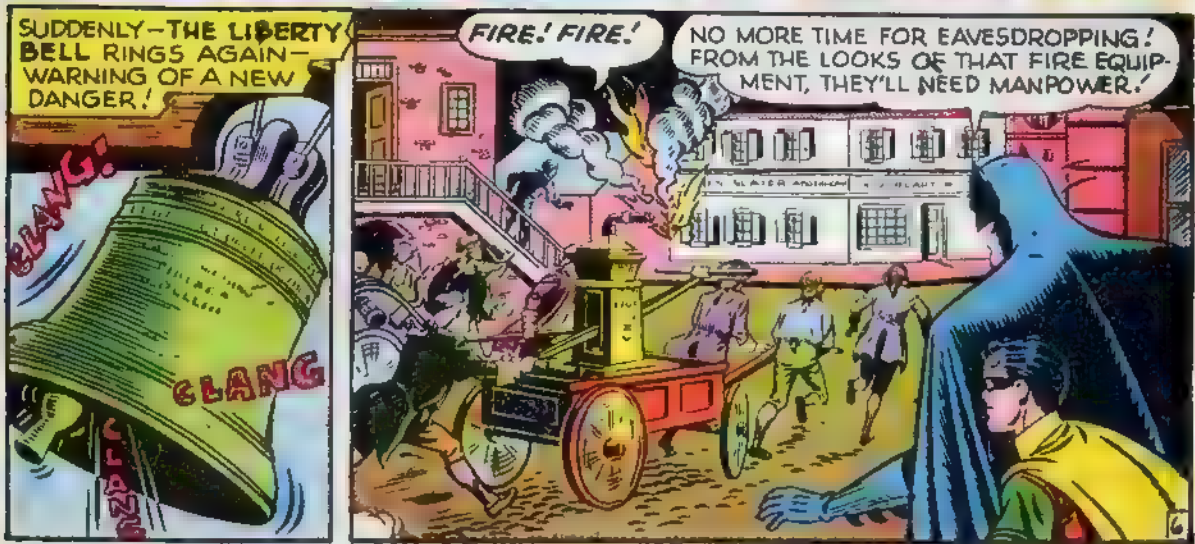
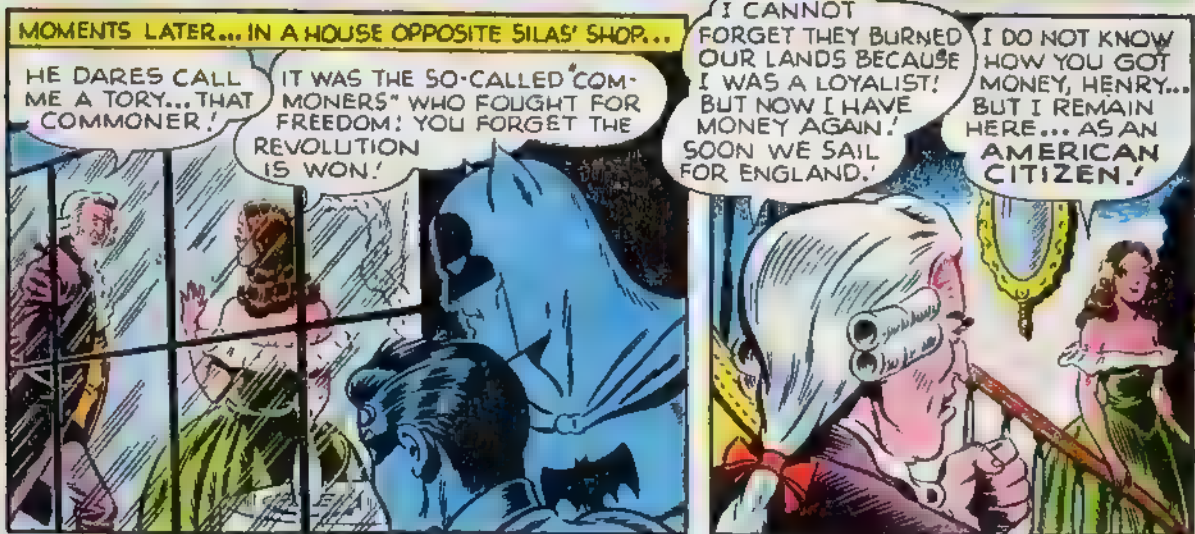
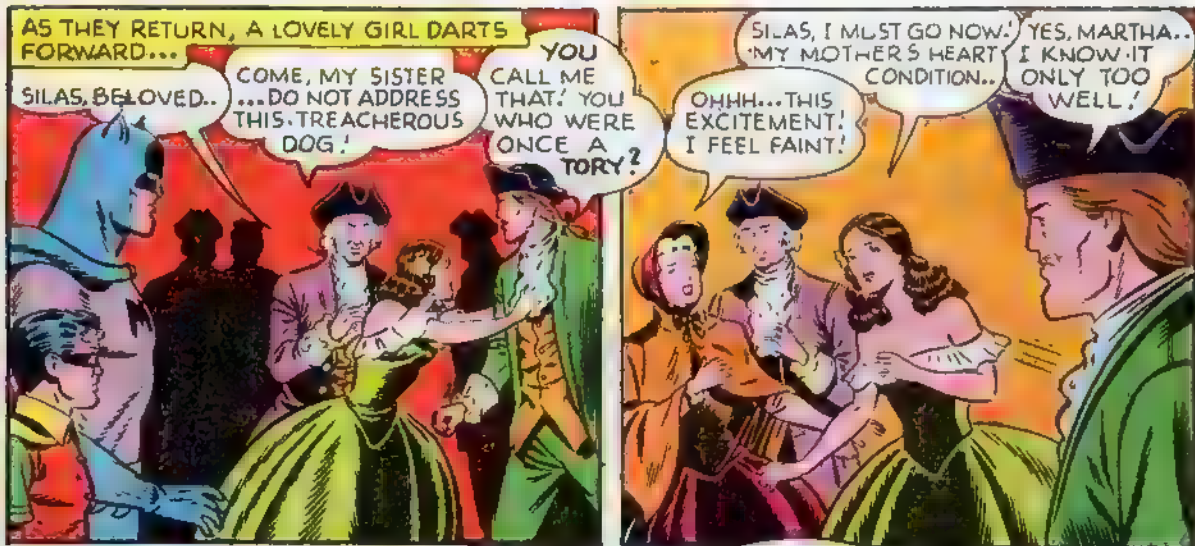
EXACTLY! FROM THEIR COSTUMES, IT IS OBVIOUS THEY ARE MERELY STROLLING ACTORS!

COME, GAOLER... I WILL BE RESPONSIBLE! RELEASE THEM!

GOLLY! IT'S NOT EVERY DAY WE GET BEN FRANKLIN FOR OUR LAWYER!



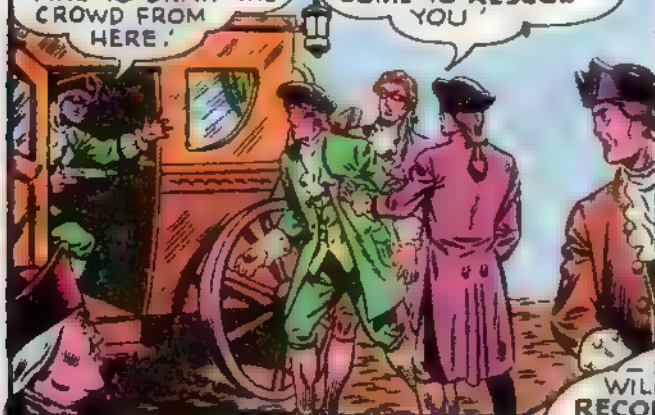




ABRUPTLY, A COACH DRAWS UP AND ...

QUICK! WE SET THE FIRE TO DRAW THE CROWD FROM HERE!

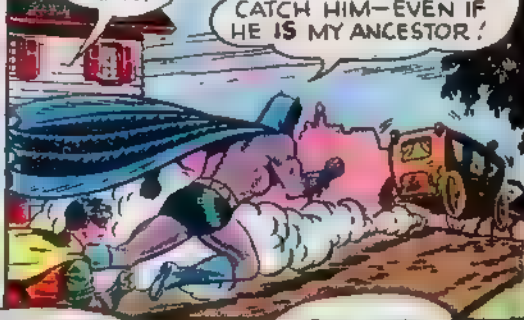
INSIDE. LEADER! WE COME TO RESCUE YOU!



THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT AND THE COACH RATTLES AWAY!

SO SILAS REALLY IS A HIGHWAY-MAN!

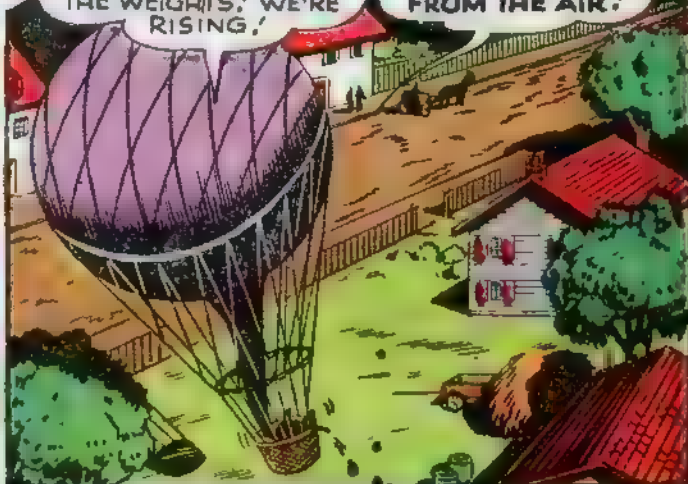
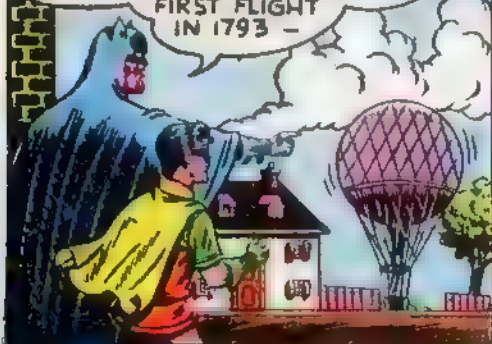
I'VE DEDICATED MY LIFE TO CATCHING CRIMINALS—AND I'LL CATCH HIM—EVEN IF HE IS MY ANCESTOR!



—SO OURS WILL BE OFF THE RECORD! THERE GO THE WEIGHTS! WE'RE RISING!

NOW WE'LL SEE WHERE THE COACH GOES—FROM THE AIR!

LOOK! APPARENTLY SOMEONE'S EXPERIMENTING WITH BALLOON FLIGHT! HISTORY RECORDS THE FIRST FLIGHT IN 1793—



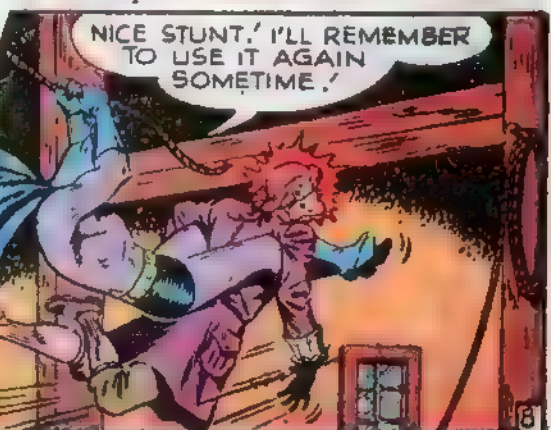
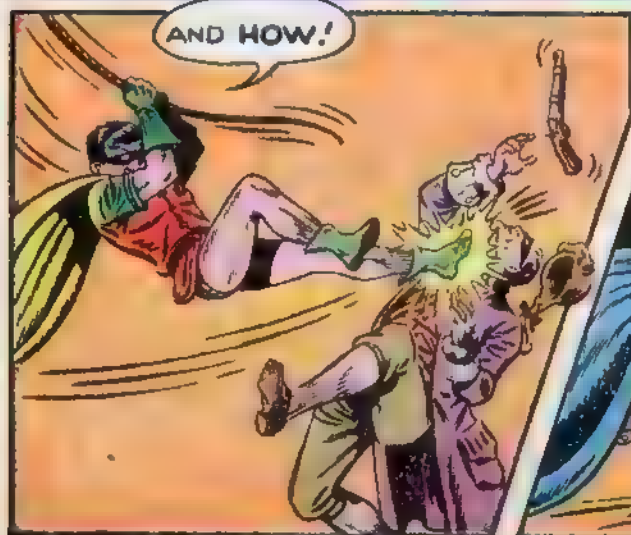
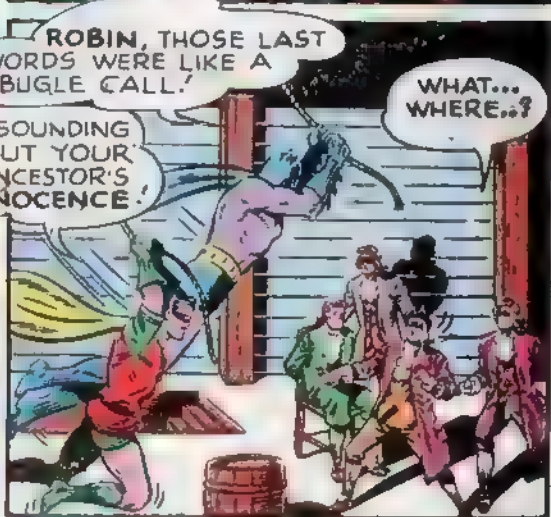
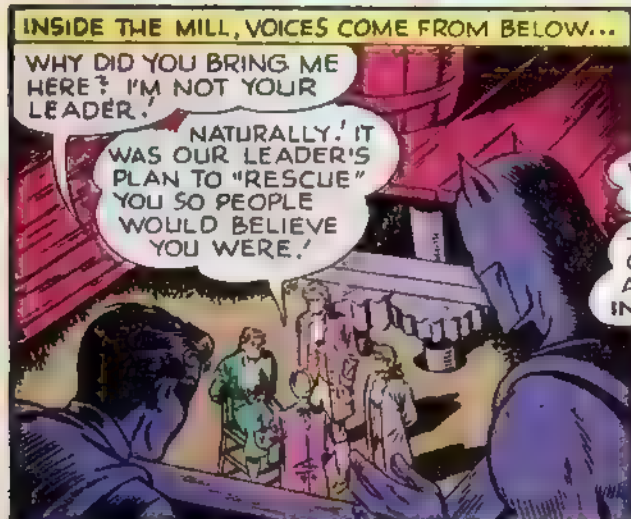
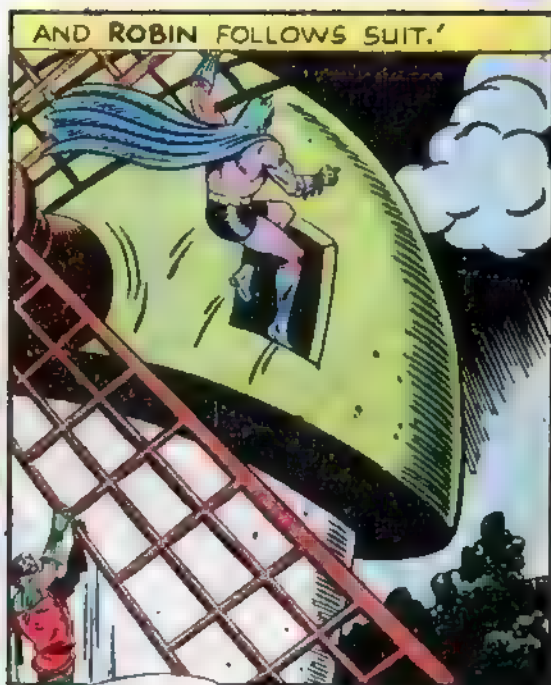
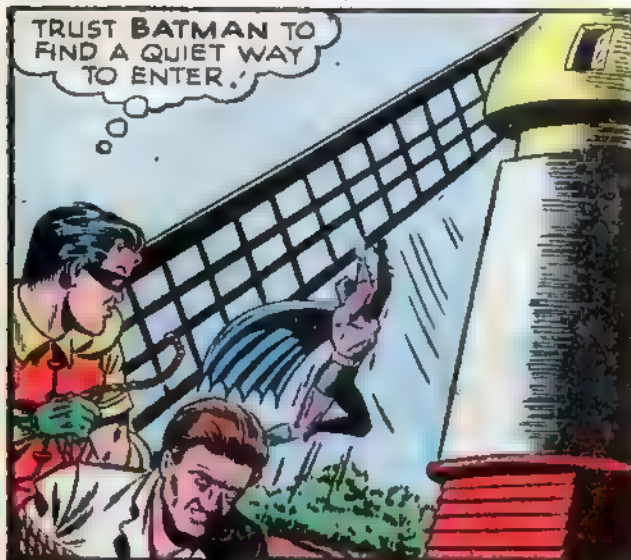
THERE IT GOES—HEADING FOR THAT OLD WINDMILL!

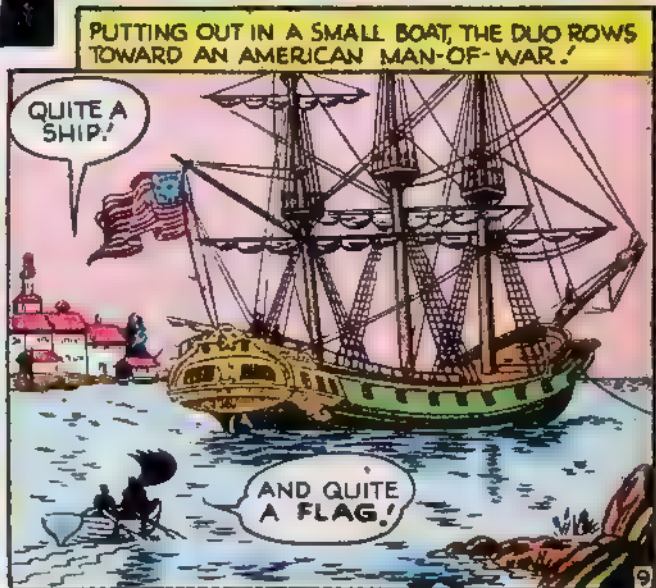
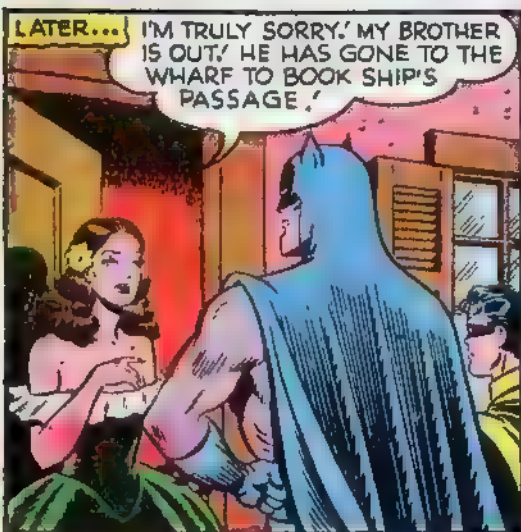
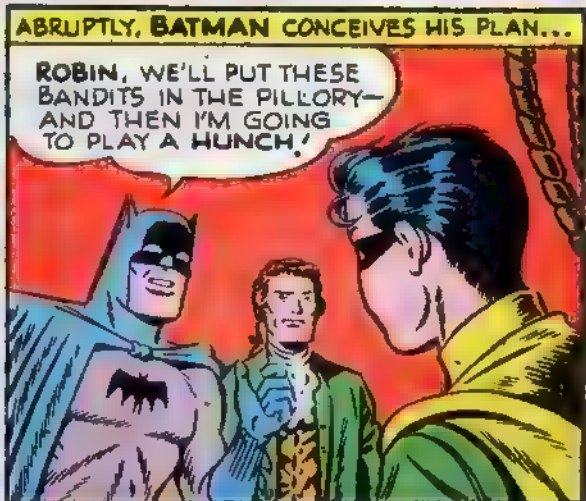
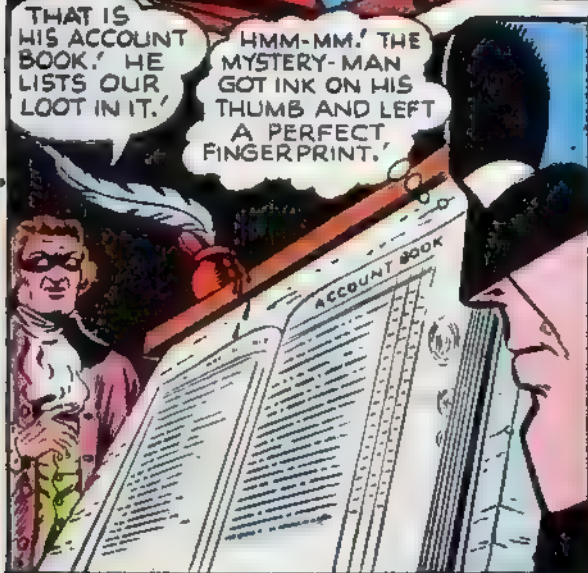
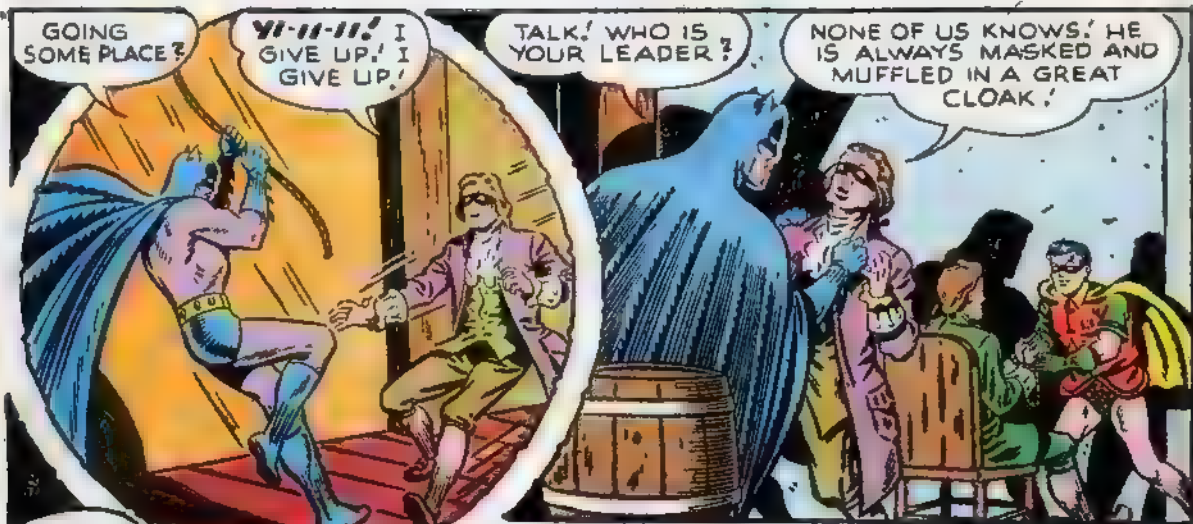


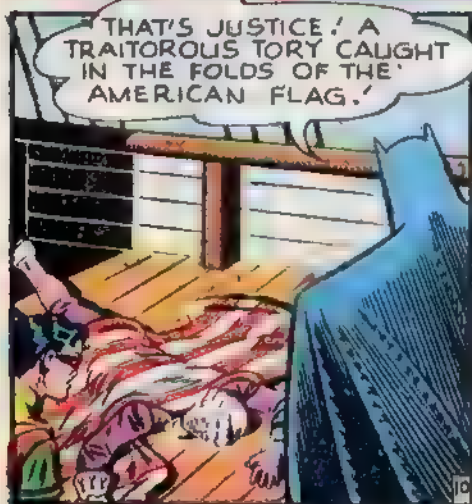
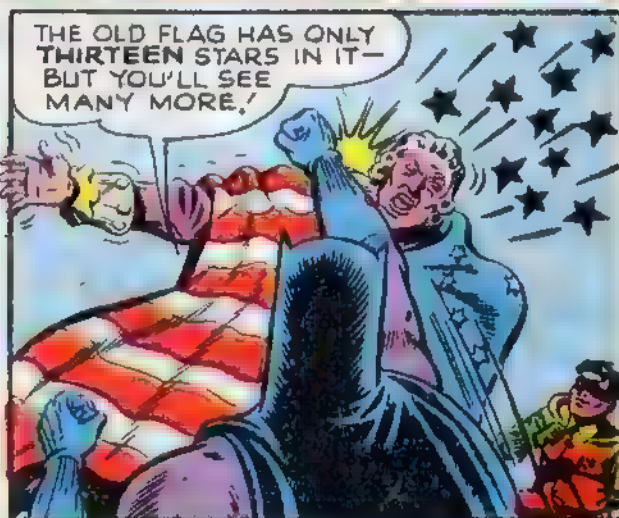
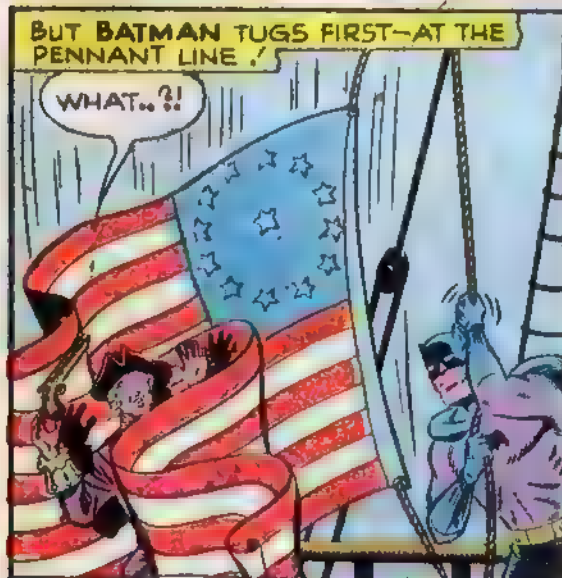
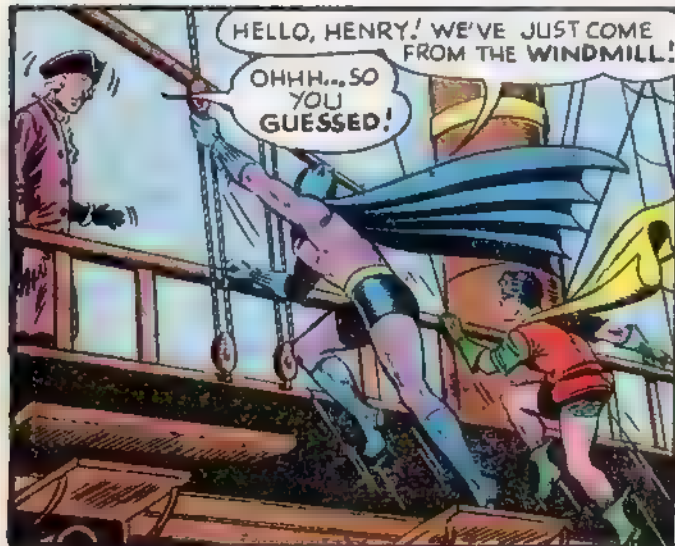
A TOUCH OF THE AIR-VALVE—GAS HISSES OUT—AND THE GIANT BAG LOWERS QUIETLY AND UNSEEN!

CAUGHT YOU OFF-GUARD, EH, GUARD?









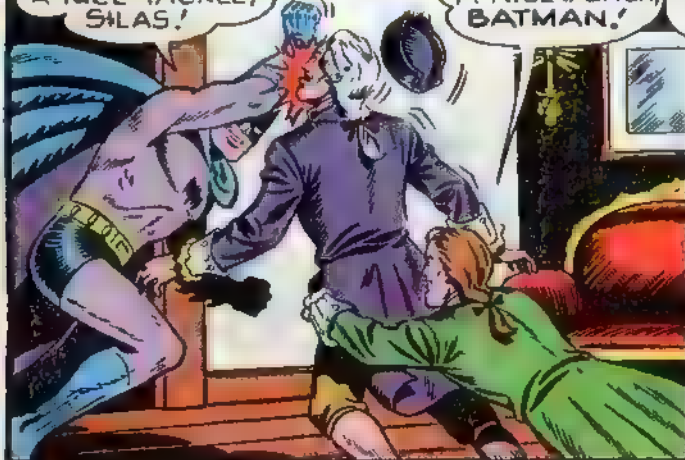
THE PRINTS ARE IDENTICAL.



THE REAL VILLAIN MAKES A BREAK FOR IT!

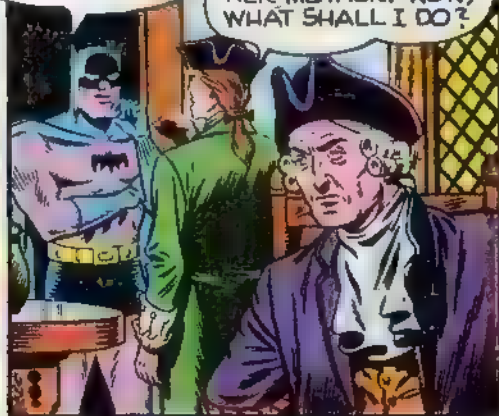
A NICE TACKLE, SILAS!

A NICE PUNCH, BATMAN!

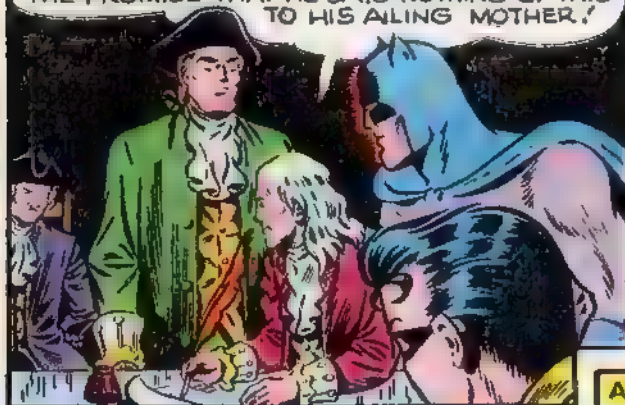


SILAS, I'VE A FEELING YOU SUSPECTED HENRY WAS THE HIGHWAYMAN!

YES, BUT I KEPT SILENT FOR MARTHA'S SAKE! THE DISGRACE WOULD HAVE KILLED HER MOTHER! NOW, WHAT SHALL I DO?



YOU MUST MARRY MARTHA TONIGHT AND GO TO NEW YORK! I WILL SAY YOU WERE **PARDONED**! HENRY WILL RETURN HOME, A FREE MAN—ON THE PROMISE THAT HE SAYS NOTHING OF THIS TO HIS AILING MOTHER!



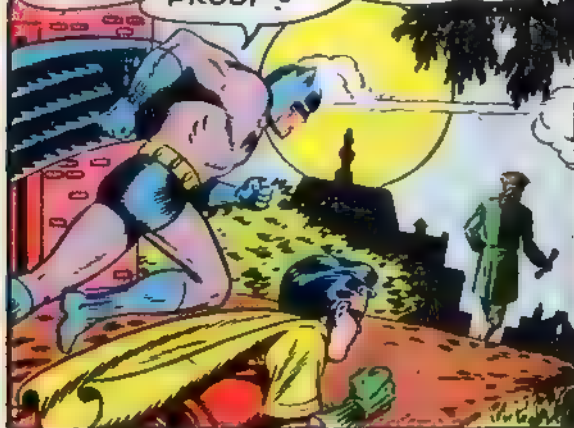
YOU WILL SHOW MY LETTER EXPLAINING YOUR INNOCENCE TO MARTHA WHEN HER MOTHER DIES—BUT ONLY THEN!

I WILL HIDE IT—AND SOME DAY—TRUTH WILL SEEK THE LIGHT!



AS SILAS LEAVES, SUDDENLY BATMAN REMEMBERS...

WE ALMOST FORGOT TO FIND WHAT WE CAME FOR! THE PROOF! SILAS! WHERE WILL YOU HIDE THE PROOF?

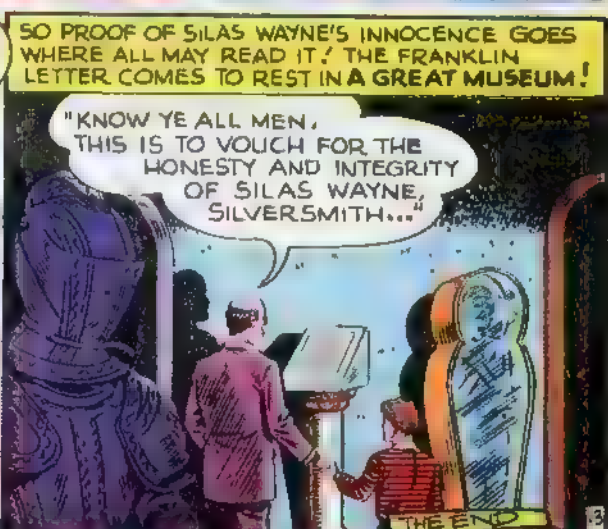
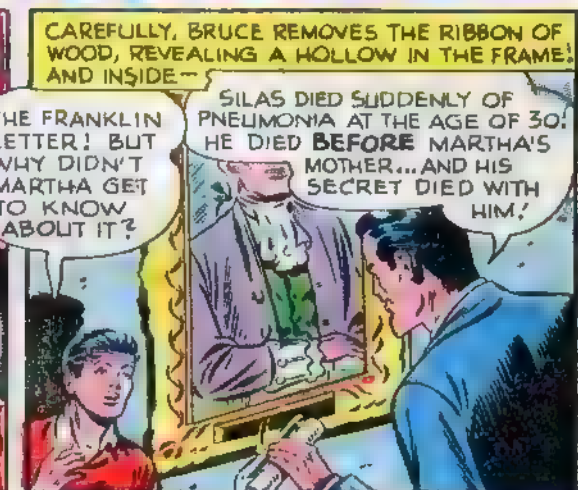
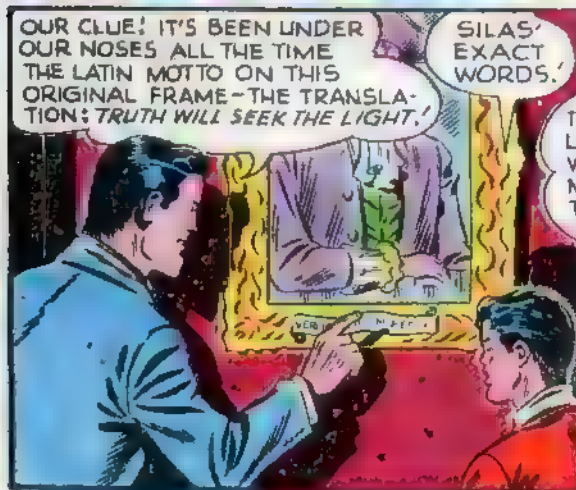
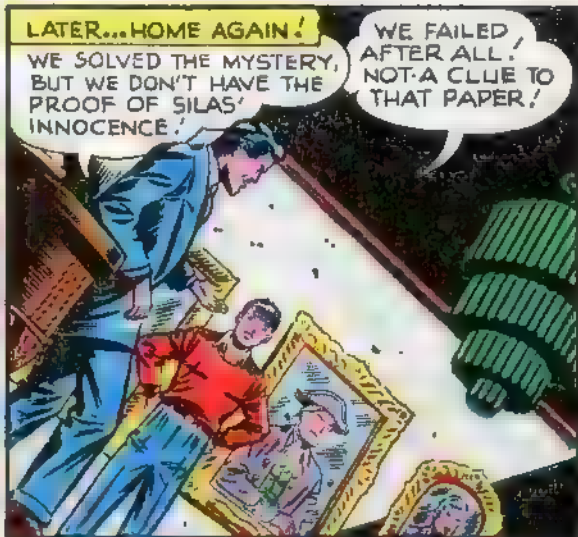
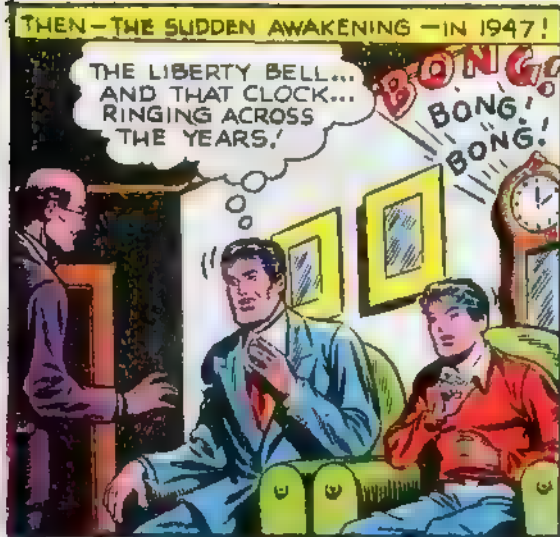


AND THEN—

EVERYTHING'S GETTING DIM—SLIPPING AWAY!

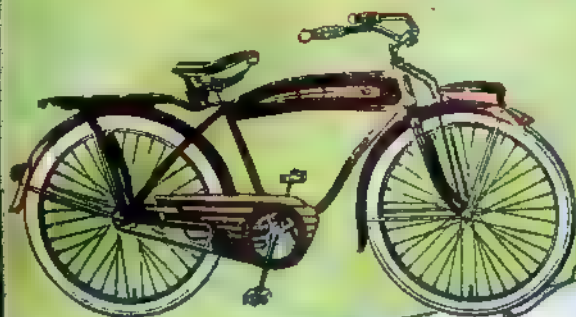
LISTEN! I CAN HEAR THE LIBERTY BELL AGAIN...FROM A LONG DISTANCE...





SEE ROBIN THE BOY WONDER SMASH CRIME SINGLEHANDED
Each month in STAR-SPANGLED COMICS

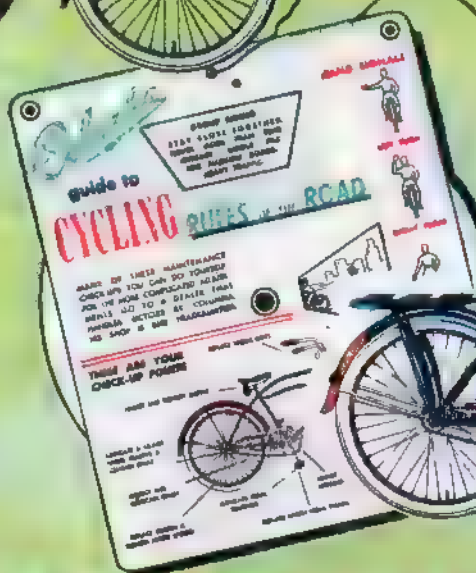
RIDE THE RIGHT BIKE...



BOYS—Here's the sleek COLUMBIA Standard Equipped Model with snug-fitting tank, push button electric horn and other special COLUMBIA features. Red with ivory enameled truss rods, trim and chain guard, sturdy luggage carrier.

...and you'll get more fun out of cycling, for cycling pleasure depends on comfort and trouble-free performance. For years of smooth carefree service, you can rely on Bicycles by COLUMBIA.

GIRLS—Here's the colorful COLUMBIA Standard Model with a balanced effect achieved by attractive rear parcel carrier and tank compartment enclosing electric horn. Blue with ivory enameled truss rods, trim and chain guards.



AND RIDE YOUR BIKE RIGHT...



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"You can learn to be a real **'ACE ON A BIKE'** if you follow the COLUMBIA 'Rotating-Dial' GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD," says **Captain O. M. Gove, famous TWA PILOT.**



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Columbia

Since 1877—
America's FIRST Bicycle



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Box 26, Church Street Sta., New York 8, N. Y.

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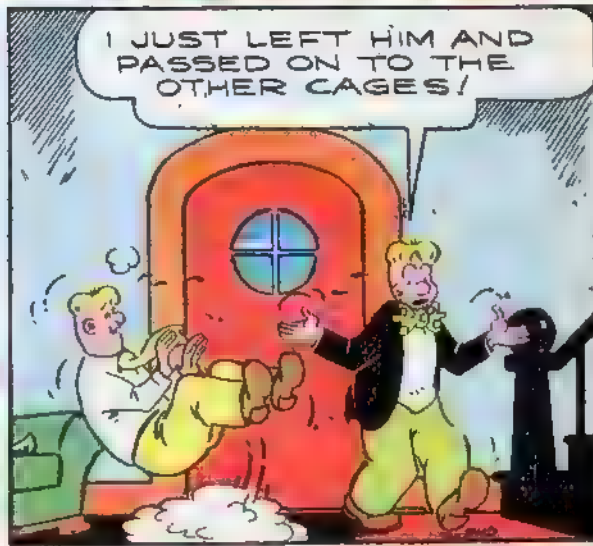
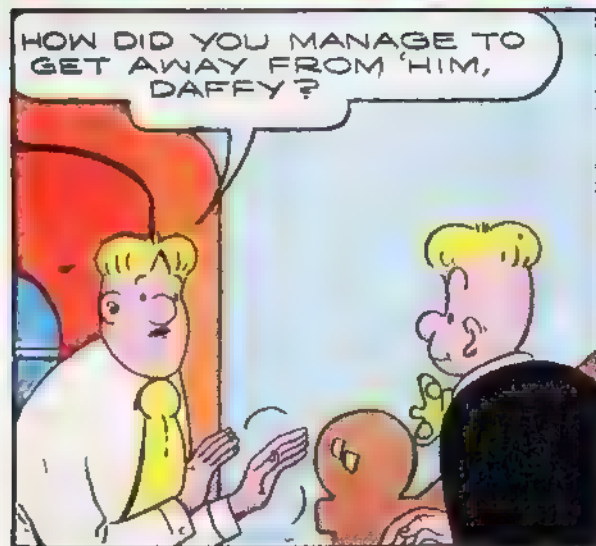
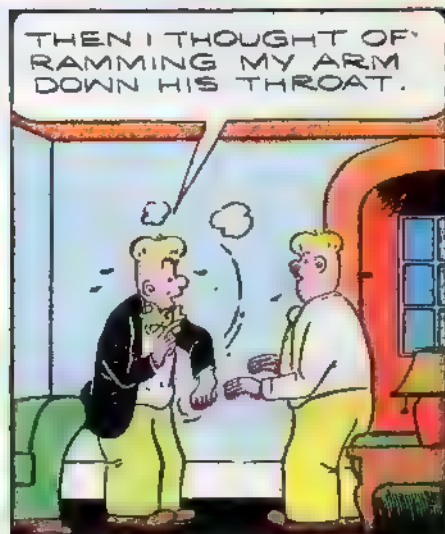
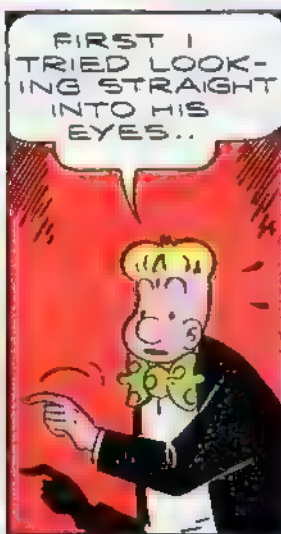
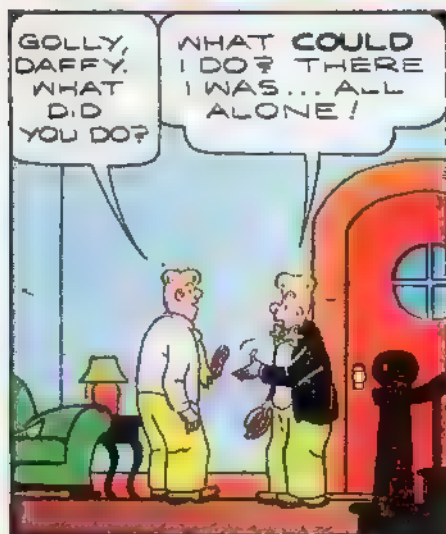
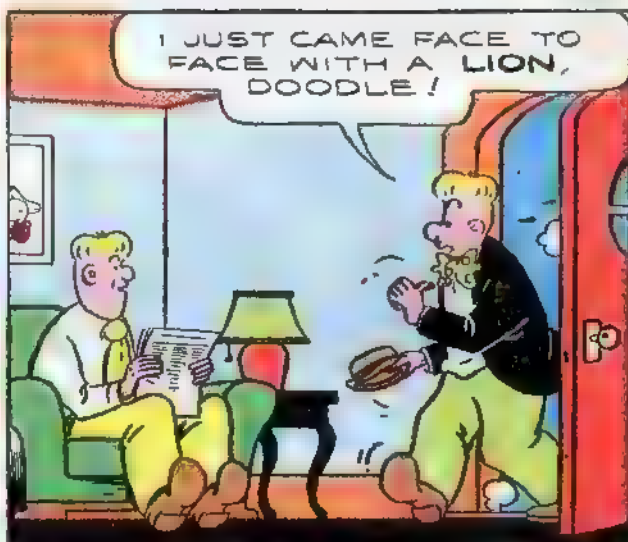
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NOTE: Offer applies only to residents of U. S.



DAFFY & DOODLE

LIT WIN



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GIRLS!
HURRY**

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THE CASE OF
"THE WEB-FOOTED
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DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
**Adventures of
SAM SPADE**

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
every Sun. eve. on your Columbia (CBS) System
station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

SAM AND EFFIE ARE SPENDING SUNDAY AT LONELY
CRAB-CLAW BAY. AS THEY WALK ON THE BEACH, EFFIE
NOTICES SOMETHING PECULIAR AND REMARKS...

SAM, LOOK
AT THOSE
FUNNY BIG
TRACKS!

YEA! KIND OF LIKE OVER-GROWN DUCK
FEET, AREN'T THEY? HEY LISTEN...

HELP!

SAM, COME BACK
HERE, WATER'S
BAD FOR YOUR
HAIR!

I KNOW SWEETHEART--
THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS
USE WILDROOT CREAM-
OIL. BUT LISTEN TO
THAT DAMSEL IN
DISTRESS

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, BABY?
SOMEONE SWIPE
YOUR CLOTHES?

WORSE THAN
THAT--SOMEONE
CAME ON BOARD
AND STOLE MY
JEWELRY

WHAT MAKES YOU
THINK SOMEONE
CAME ABOARD--
ONE OF THESE
GUYS PROBABLY
DID THE JOB!

THEN WHO MADE THIS PATH
OF WATER ACROSS THE
DECK TO MY CABIN

SAM EXAMINES THE DECK. THEN
HE REMEMBERS THE TRACKS EFFIE
SAW IN THE SAND. AND...

...BACK ON SHORE---THESE TRACKS
LEAD SAM STRAIGHT TO A HIDDEN
CAVE

JUST AS I THOUGHT--
AN UNDERWATER
SWIMMING OUTFIT!

AND HERE
ARE MY
THINGS!

SAM,
QUICK--
SOMEONE'S
COMING!

THAT'LL HOLD HIM! EFFIE,
TAKE THE CAR AND GET THE
POLICE!

OKAY! AND I'LL
BRING THAT WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL FROM THE
CAR, TOO. YOUR HAIRS
A MESS!

TAKE IT FROM SAM SPADE IF YOU WANT 'EM
TO NOTICE A BIG IMPROVEMENT IN YOUR
APPEARANCE. GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC AND USE IT REGULARLY

HERE
THEY
COME,
SAM!

GOOD! THE
CHIEF'LL BE
GLAD TO GET
THIS GUY!

**WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC**
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE
DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CO. INC.

LATER...

SAM, WHAT ARE YOU
DOING IN THAT SILLY
DIVING SUIT?

GOT A DATE WITH
THAT BABE ON THE
BOAT SWEETHEART,
AND WHO KNOWS--
I MAY HAVE TO
SWIM HOME

HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peeples, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will

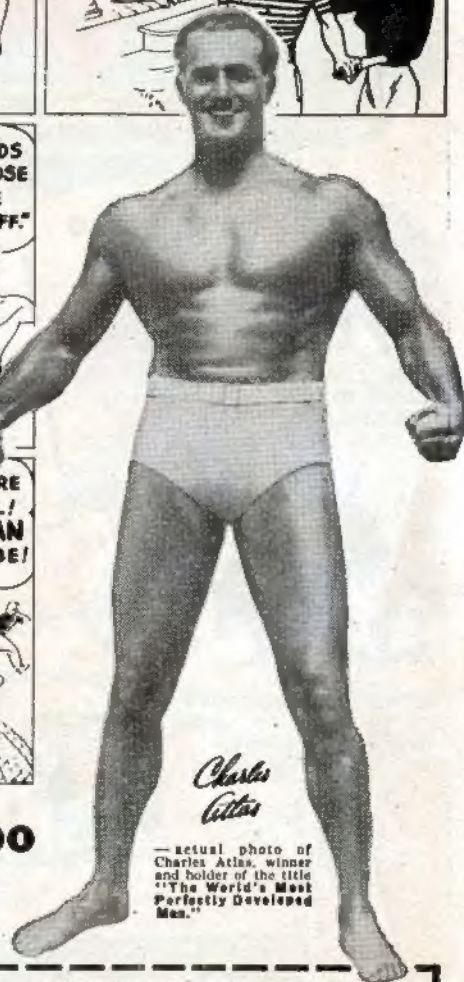
make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how advanced of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas (Champions). It tells how I can do the same for YOU! Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 35412, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 35412
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....
Zone No. (if any)

HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMPS" OF AMERICA by Thom McAn

TOMMY FRIEDMAN - VOTED

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR
THE HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMP"
OF YOUR LOCALITY.

"MOST POPULAR BOY"

IN HIS CLASS at FOREST PARK
HIGH SCHOOL, Baltimore, Md.



TOMMY FRIEDMAN is certainly "Big Man on Campus" at Forest Park High, Baltimore! Elected "Most Popular," he's also "Most Likely to Succeed" and "Most All-Around." Big interest is politics, public speaking. Plays Jayvee basketball, active in student government. Favorite subject - Chemistry; Pet "Peeve" - back-seat drivers. Over 6 feet tall, he thinks Thom McAn's GroScope a good idea because it protects boys and girls against *stunting their foot growth* with outgrown shoes.



LIKES LACROSSE.
HOPES TO PLAY
AT COLLEGE.

HONOR-ROLL
STUDENT THROUGHOUT
HIGH SCHOOL.

REPRESENTED BALTIMORE
U.N. YOUTH IN N.Y. GREAT
THRILL WAS HEARING
GEN. EISENHOWER SPEAK.



INTENDS TO
STUDY MEDICINE.



LOVES TO EXPERIMENT
WITH STRANGE FOREIGN DISHES.



ON THE
AIR

TOM'S A RADIO SPEAKER--
APPEARED ON JUNIOR TOWN
MEETING OF THE AIR.



PRESIDENT OF HIS
CLASS FOR 2 YEARS.

"3 OUT OF 4 YOUNGSTERS WEAR OUT-GROWN SHOES"--SAYS NATIONWIDE SURVEY. AND THERE'S USUALLY NO PAIN TO GIVE YOU WARNING--BECAUSE SOFT BONES IN GROWING FEET DON'T "CRY-OUT." BUT THOM McAN'S EXCLUSIVE GRO-CHART WARNS YOU IN TIME, GIVES YOU CONTINUOUS PROTECTION AGAINST STUNTING YOUR FOOT GROWTH.

TOM'S CHOICE
OF THE LATEST THOM McAN
STYLES IN BOYS' SHOES IS
THIS STURDY BEAUTY IN
RICH GRAIN-LEATHER.
(BOYS' STYLE NO. X 24;
MENS' STYLE
NO. 304)



Thom McAn

503 STORES - IN 299 CITIES

Thom McAn